

# Saturday Night

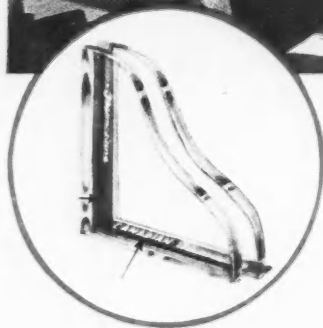
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# Saturday Night

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## INSIDE STORY

**THE COVER:** Our own **Santa Claus** brings greetings to every reader of SATURDAY NIGHT.

How does Canadian business rank as a patron of the arts? Very high, reports **D. G. Dainton**, who tells some of the difficulties of reconciling the corporate mind with artistic responsibility. Dainton lists some of the leading industrial sponsors and reports that, on the whole, the artists are happy about the situation.

Travellers to far places tell tall tales but sometimes the facts are taller than any tales which could be spun. Such is the case of the confused Congo and **Peter Worthington** who recently visited the country for his paper, the *Toronto Telegram*, recounts some more uproarious incidents of the mingling of many nations.

**Duff Roblin**, reports **Warner Troyer** of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, is a young man in a hurry. But he doesn't let his hurrying affect the sureness of his political aim. Troyer tells what makes Roblin tick and guesses that, when the chips are down, the decision as to who will next lead Canada's Conservative Party will be up to Duff Roblin.

For your entertainment over the holiday SN presents an ornamental mid-section in which the serious note is abandoned for the lighter touch. **J. E. Parsons** who, as a teacher is a version of Hyman Kaplan's immortal "Pockheel", tells of some delightful occasions when his new Canadians say Yuletide thanks to their instructor . . . **John Gellner** abandons foreign affairs for the simple delights of mountain climbing . . . **Kildare Dobbs** forgets about book editing to recite the saga of "Mr. Elephant's Magnificent Moment" — a trophy shot in a most unusual place.

In this issue SN's annual CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS — a feature which has grown in popularity each year — **Louis and Dorothy Crerar**, **J. A. H. Hunter** and **D. M. LeDain** have devised special seasonal brain-twisters for their devoted followers . . . **Arnold Edinborough** recently spent a week in New York and, in *THEATRE*, gives his impressions of some of the current Broadway successes.

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# Letters

## Vox Pop's Own Choice

Some remarks in your columns made by Mrs. Dorothy Fraser of Osoyoos, B.C. [SN Nov. 12] have been brought to my notice. She is commenting on a recent tour of the Hart House Orchestra which I had the privilege of conducting. She commences with kind remarks about the Orchestra's playing and it is comforting to me to know that my conducting was "nice".

Mrs. Fraser states that for very many years she and others have been listening to old and new classical music (just how classical music can be new, I am not sure) and recently heard "the very quintessence of abstract music played by one of the best quartets in the world". I would give anything to know what "abstract music" is, as this is a completely new term to me.

Anyhow, this lady was profoundly disturbed by the "banality" of the program she heard the Orchestra play. The banal composers represented include Mozart, Handel, Haydn and Elgar. Apparently the Orchestra also played "a few Strauss waltzes", but I cannot remember this Orchestra ever having played a Strauss waltz, although it probably will one day, as these masterpieces are in the repertoire of all the world's great symphonic ensembles.

The final insult to her, apparently, was the *Andante Cantabile* from Tchaikovsky's D Major String Quartet and the *London-derry Air*. The first of these, I have always considered as one of the most beautiful chamber music movements in existence and the second, as one of the great tunes of all time.

The Orchestra also presented a new Canadian work by the distinguished composer Maurice Blackburn, which she describes as a "poverty-stricken modern piece". Everything is, of course, a matter of individual taste, but the members of the Orchestra and myself, as well as leading Toronto critics, consider this to be one of the best Canadian works produced in recent years, but then it is not "new classical music", nor, I am sure, is it "abstract music".

Why doesn't Mrs. Fraser direct her complaints to the proper quarters? Three programs were submitted by the Orchestra to Overture Concerts, "the Community-sponsored organization" responsible for

28 of the Orchestra's appearances. Program "A" consisted of familiar pieces by great masters, program "B" was a slightly more mixed bag, and program "C" was a much more "advanced" program than the other two, containing pieces by such composers as Hindemith, Bartok and Britten.

We were informed by Overture Concerts that all the centres in which we were to play, except three, had chosen program "A". No centre chose program "B", but three had decided for program "C". One of these three, incidentally, was Yellowknife, NWT. Considering the fact that, in more than a few of the centres, some people had never even *seen* an orchestra in the flesh, I was not surprised at the choice of program and was quite content to play accordingly.

Mrs. Fraser's cheap sneer about "Dr. Neel explaining the instruments to the audience", is far nearer the truth than she realizes, because I am perfectly certain that in some of the more isolated communities, many in the audience were completely ignorant of the instruments on the platform.

From the comfortable and sophisticated security of our Hi-Fi record players in Osoyoos or Toronto, it is easy to criticize this kind of thing. I suggest that Mrs. Fraser and others like her peruse more closely *in advance* the program to be given by visiting concert groups and direct their comments and criticisms to the "Community-sponsored organization" responsible for the concert. These expert professional organizations are always anxious to give communities the programs they want.

In every community all over the world there are always one or two VSPs (very superior persons) who make the path of those of us trying to interest the less sophisticated in good music, very difficult indeed. It is merely a question of "trying

to see the other chap's point-of-view" and this is not always easy to do, but we must try and do it if we are to create a great musical public in this country.

TORONTO  
BOYD NEEL  
Dean Royal Conservatory of Music,  
University of Toronto

*Editor's note: Dean Neel's effective reply has, regrettably, been delayed in publication.*

## Ancient Mariner

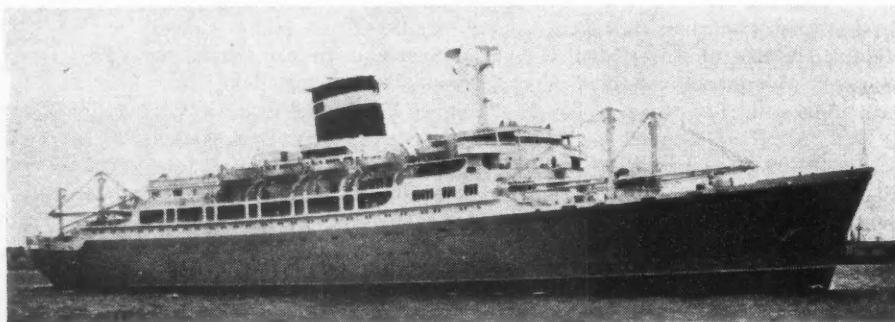
The handsome cover on the November 26 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT showing our old two-funnelled *Santa Rosa* came as somewhat the same surprise that the *Flying Dutchman* imparts to observers!

This old *Santa Rosa*, built in 1932, was replaced in our fleet in 1958 by a new one-stack \$25-million modern cruise liner—also named *Santa Rosa*—that sailed from New York on its maiden voyage, June 26 of that year. The old ship was retired from service and we do not yet know what disposition will be made of her. As this new ship was the first to go into service as part of the Government's \$2-billion program to modernize the U.S. Merchant Marine, her advent was hailed by the Press, foreign — as well as U.S. . . .

It is regrettable, therefore, that the photograph of the old ship should have been accidentally featured on your cover as many Canadians have made cruises on the new *Santa Rosa* and her sister ship, the new *Santa Paula* . . .

NEW YORK CITY  
FREDERIC P. SANDS  
Director of Public Relations, Grace Line.

*Editor's note: For the current, handsome and non-flying "Santa Rosa", see illustration.*





## White Colonialism

In the article "Canada, Colonialism and Color" [SN Nov. 26] Peter Stursberg, criticising the Rt. Hon. John Diefenbaker for his speech at the United Nations Assembly last September, strikes a false note when he says: "After all, parts of Ukraine have been joined to Russia since the tenth century", thus implying that if anything was joined or taken long ago, it must be justifiable and irrevocable.

Historically, however, the above quoted statement is wrong and confusing. In the tenth century there was the Kievan State which was called RUS, but that was not the Russia of today. From time immemorial the Kievan State was inhabited by people who later became known as Ukrainians, who have their separate history, language and culture and they should not be identified as Russians.

As a nation Russia came into being under the name Moscovia only in the 12th century, when, in 1147, the city of Moscow was founded. In 1654 the Moscovites from the north and the Ukrainians from the south, as equal separate nations, signed the Treaty of Pereyaslav, which was later discarded by the Russians and served them as a pretext to occupy and subjugate Ukraine. Since that time the Ukrainians have been continually struggling for their independence from Russia.

In 1709 the Ukrainian people under their leader Ivan Mazeppa tried to regain their freedom, during the war against Czar Peter I, but failed when they lost the Battle of Poltava. After the revolution in 1917, the Ukrainian people had established their independent state, the Ukrainian National Republic, but after a struggle of three years lost it again in 1920, this time to the Russian Communist forces, who "freely" incorporated Ukraine as a Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic in the new empire known as the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. If this is not imperialism, then what is imperialism?

In the USSR there are now 15 "independent" national republics, among them the Ukrainian republic with over 40,000,000 inhabitants, yet only two of those republics — the Ukrainian and the Byelorussian — are members of the United Nations. Actually not a single republic of the USSR has diplomatic relations abroad. All representation abroad is the prerogative of the Big Brother in the Kremlin.

At the same time all the republics are exposed to intensive Russification and economic exploitation. If such a status is not colonialism, then what is colonialism? The color of the people in the USSR is white, yet 14 republics are governed by the 15th and are treated as colonies. Stursberg's comparison of Ukraine to Wales is the result of his lack of knowledge of that part of Europe.



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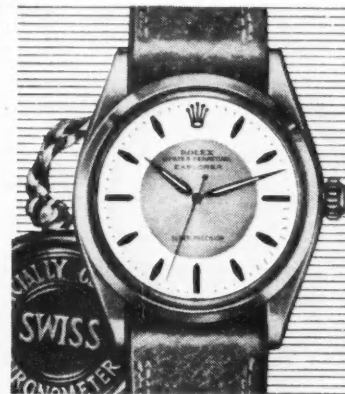
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It is wrong to claim that colonialism is only a color issue, and that the Soviet Union should not be charged with colonialism. It is imperative to recognize imperialism and colonialism everywhere, including white people in Europe. All the propaganda about colonialism and imperialism would be meaningless if confined to the color issue alone.

In fact that's the teaching emanating from the Kremlin. The democratic nations are now aware of the Soviet ruse and refuse to believe it. The western statesmen, among them the Prime Minister of Canada, are to be commended for raising the issue of Russian imperialism and colonialism in Europe.

WINNIPEG

W. S. KOCHAN

Executive Director

Ukrainian Canadian Committee

## Financing Canada

As another Canadian of many generations, I send herewith a terrific pat on the back for the splendid job J. H. Kent Lyons has done in "Canadians Must Finance Canada's Future". [SN Nov. 26].

I can't imagine anyone doing a better job in a more simple form for all to understand.

I would like to see copies sent to the brass of all Canadian securities houses for there are still too many of them who apparently feel the plight of their fellow citizens is the concern of others, not theirs.

VANCOUVER

TRAVERS STEEVES

## Suicide and Dignity

Julien Bryan writes about the need of "efforts to give effective psychiatric treatment to people of suicidal tendencies" [SN Nov. 12] and of how such efforts may "be blocked by either legal proceedings or outdated prejudices." I think that Bryan is merely substituting new prejudices for old.

There are all too few dignities left to the human mind after the government, the churches and society have done with us. The time has come when the right of a man to take his own life under reasonable circumstances and in a dignified manner should be restored. By all means let attempted suicides seek psychiatric or any other kind of aid if they wish or if their associates can persuade them to do so, but don't make laws about it.

To insist on such aid, and to register all suicide attempts together (horror upon horror) with "followup supervision" is a worse crime against the dignity of man than making suicide illegal and irreligious.

TORONTO

R. G. S. BIDWELL

## Prophet Hull?

The closing page of your Nov. 12 issue carried a timely, simply-stated and most needed message to Canadians — "Let's Have Conservative Conservatism" by Raymond Hull.

Like "Revelations" in the Judaic Christian Scriptures, it is worthy of canonization, of being framed and set up on the doors and at entrances to public buildings, schools, universities, yes, at church doors.

Will we listen? No, we will follow the false gods of ease, smug satisfaction, etc. Let George do it. Why pick on me? Eighteen million Canadians can't be wrong. Blame our growing deficits and difficulties (trade, labor, unemployment, finance, education, insecurity) on Khrushchov, Mao, et al.

So we surrender our individualism and are painlessly (?) lured into mass irresponsibility and socialistic anonymity.

Thanks for Mr. Hull's arrows. I hope they hurt us all — and again.

KINGSTON

A. J. HAMILTON

## Funnyman Hull?

Who is Raymond Hull? Who is he? I have just seen his article "Let's have Conservative Conservatism" [SN Nov. 12]. To say the least, I am puzzled.

Is Hull presuming to be a serious commentator on present-day Canadian politics, economics and justice? Or is he the subtlest and cleverest humorist to appear on the Canadian literary scene since Stephen Leacock?

Taken as satirical comment, Hull's article is superb. His ideas on economic policy are perfect illustrations of humor in the purest and most incongruous form.

For instance, under Hull's proposed set-up, the China opium trade would still be flourishing and dope peddling would be legal in Canada and slavery on a large scale would be the foundation of the economy. And of course the enormous amounts of money now wasted on education would be put to some better use.

Hull welcomes as a great boon the prospect of dominance by the Roman Catholic Church, implying that under such benign influence we should be led unerringly to the restoration of some unspecified Golden Age. That is his funniest bit of all, since he must know that the Roman Catholic Church has had many chances to show what it could do, and we know what it did in every case.

I realize of course that Mr. Hull could be simply a damn fool. You would know more about that.

YARMOUTH, N.S.

J. R. WILLIAMS

## Comment of the Day

### Christmas Cheer

A NIGHTCLUB COMIC got a great laugh recently from his audience when he said, "As we approach this Christmas season of holy merchandising . . .", and there has been this year a good deal of the usual lamenting over the secularization of Christmas.

It is true that Christmas has been secularized and that the original miracle of Christmas — the incarnation of the Deity — has been blurred by keen salesmen. But we should not be too self-incriminatory. Moralists have always deplored the gourmandising which has been a part of Christmas ever since it was the Feast of the Winter Solstice in the woods of northern Europe.

At the court of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, the feast of Christmas lasted for 12 days, during which 12-day period the cooks prepared 30,000 separate dishes. One English Bishop in 1289 recorded that the people at his manor consumed three complete carcasses of beef, two whole calves, four deer, 60 chickens, 8 partridges, two geese and 4,000 eggs.

Even in the more civilized time of Henry VIII, who was himself a very religious man and wrote a defence of the Catholic faith, there is the following telling record from the court accounts of Christmas, 1510. It is part of the list of gifts made by Henry to his court and reads—

*"Paid to the preacher in reward 6s.  
Paid to the mynstrel 12s.  
Paid to the cook 15s."*

Need we say more?

### The Local Pols

IN THE TORONTO elections last week, Nathan Phillips was put into office for a fourth term as Mayor. In Ottawa Charlotte Whitton, after a respite from office, was once more elected. There were acclamations in Brantford and Niagara Falls, in Cobourg, Gravenhurst and Prescott for Mayor and in a number of other centres such as Beamsville and Kirkland Lake for Reeve. In Montreal, Jean Drapeau is back once more, having been out of office for only one term.

Is one to infer from this that these persons are the only possible ones to run

their particular cities? Or, in view of the fact that only a minority of voters bothered to vote, that almost as few people are interested in running for municipal office as, proportionately, are prepared to vote for them when they do?

We think the latter is true and that

### A Gift for a Wife

WHAT CAN I give you? Pearls to deck your throat?

No, no. Some knave might capture them by force.

Nor can I give a full-length sable coat  
Because I shudder, pondering the source.

Each Christmas-tide I face this dreaded task.

A diamond ring? You have a diamond ring.

A book? You have a book. And so I ask  
What can I give you, who have everything?

Choosing what sort of gift is such a chore;

To give a thing unwanted is a crime;  
It's much too late for shopping, and, what's more.

They always raise the prices at this time.

Instead of gift-wrapped rubbish for your tree

I give this little sonnet, which is free.  
VIC.

municipal candidates get re-elected just because theirs is the only name on the ticket which people recognize. This is particularly true of aldermen and controllers in larger centres. There is here, surely, an argument for party politics in municipal affairs.

In Canada's particular situation, municipalities have a great deal of autonomy. Anyone who does not realize this is reminded of it when he drives on city streets as opposed to Provincial or county highways. A great deal of money is spent by municipalities on other matters of national concern such as the education of children. That these large sums of money are handled by men of mediocre attainment and very limited view, is a national disgrace.

If the Provincial political parties were to set about organizing a municipal plat-

form and were to use municipal office to train members for the legislatures and for the federal House, a great deal of good could flow from it. In the first place, voters would be aware of *what* they were voting for, even if they did not know *whom* they were voting for. Second, a party alliance would mean much better government because there would be a much stronger and more integrated opposition. Third, a good apprenticeship in municipal affairs would make Provincial legislatures much more than the sleepy county councils they often seem to be in most Provinces. And it might make for much more lively back bench participation on Parliament Hill when a man finally made it federally.

The present system of 'hit and miss' nomination and vote by hearsay in our municipal elections makes it all the more easy for the kind of municipal corruption we have seen this past year in Ontario, Quebec and Alberta. It's time that, constitution and practice notwithstanding, we did something about it.

### Putting Off Trouble

THE POSTPONEMENT of the railway strike by the Government's hurried emergency legislation was by no means such effective action as some people on Parliament Hill thought it.

What are the facts about the strike? First, a majority opinion of a conciliation board had said that railway workers were being underpaid compared with workers in similar jobs in other industries. Second, the companies, faced with this conciliation board report, refused to entertain the idea of paying their workers more because they maintained their own revenue is dropping since they are not allowed to raise freight rates. Third, the Government, having appointed a Royal Commission to look into the whole question of railway transportation and freight rates, decided to wait until that Commission reports next year before taking the freeze off the railways.

In other words, the railway workers who have, in the opinion of those most qualified to know, been underpaid since January of this year, are to continue to be underpaid without redress until at least May of next year. If by then the Government decides to unfreeze the freight rates,





## WHERE DID HE GET THE PANTS ?

Primitive man was so puny an animal we might wonder how he got the skins he wore. One theory is that the other animals laughed themselves to death at the sight of him.

But man had the last laugh—by putting nature's energy to work he became earth's most powerful creature.

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the railways may be able to meet an increased wage bill.

But he would be a Utopian dreamer who would think that the railways are going to pay 14¢ an hour retroactively for 18 months in order to settle a new contract with their workers. The railway workers are, in fact, being forced into subsidizing railway operations until the Government makes up its leisurely mind about the position of railways in the whole scheme of modern transportation in Canada.

A strike would admittedly have been disastrous. It would have put a great many more people out of work just when more people than at any time since the war are already unemployed. The resultant financial dislocation of such a large body of people just before Christmas would have been severe. Most particularly, it would have reflected very badly on the Diefenbaker Government which has staggered from one unemployment problem to another in the past two years without solving any of them.

But labor unions have long memories, and in the next general election the New Party will have many more votes than it might otherwise have got as a result of this sordid handling of an intricate problem. For all parties in modern democracies used to agree that the one weapon which a worker can use to bring management into realistic negotiation is the strike or the withholding of his work. When government edict forbids a worker to do this, even when the worker's case is, on independent authority, reasoned to be a good one, that edict is nothing short of the denial of those very human rights which have been so piously enunciated last session in Ottawa by the same party.

### Plain Talk at Last

WE HAVE SAID before that the American influence and control over Canadian business is rapidly becoming a major political football. And if Prime Minister Diefenbaker views this with alarm, he must remember that it was he himself who said before his election in 1957 that he was going to stand up to Washington.

Since his election he has done very little of this, though the Liberals and the New Party have done a fair amount of sounding off against Washington's edicts. But it is only recently that the Canadian Manufacturers Association, many of whose members are American-controlled, has been so blunt.

Speaking before the International Economic Affairs Committee of the Board of Directors of the National Association of Manufacturers in New York City, the President of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, T. R. MacLagan, said this:

"To be blunt but factual, you permit

the unrestricted entry of only those raw materials essential to your own industries. Our manufactured goods are, for the most part, rigidly excluded not only by the application of tariffs and quotas but also by other restrictions and inconveniences which have the effect of virtually denying us reasonable access to your enormous domestic market.

"An example of this kind of thing is the recent action by your Bureau of Customs, Washington, in denying the use of 'export value' as the basis for assessing customs duties on products shipped by Canadian subsidiaries to their parent companies in the United States.

"If there is one thing above all others that Canadians are proud of it is that they have never sought something for nothing from any other country in the world, the U.S.A. included. When I say never, I mean exactly that. Not before the Hitler War, during it or since.

"What we ask — all we ask — is a fair trade deal, something we have never yet had from you."

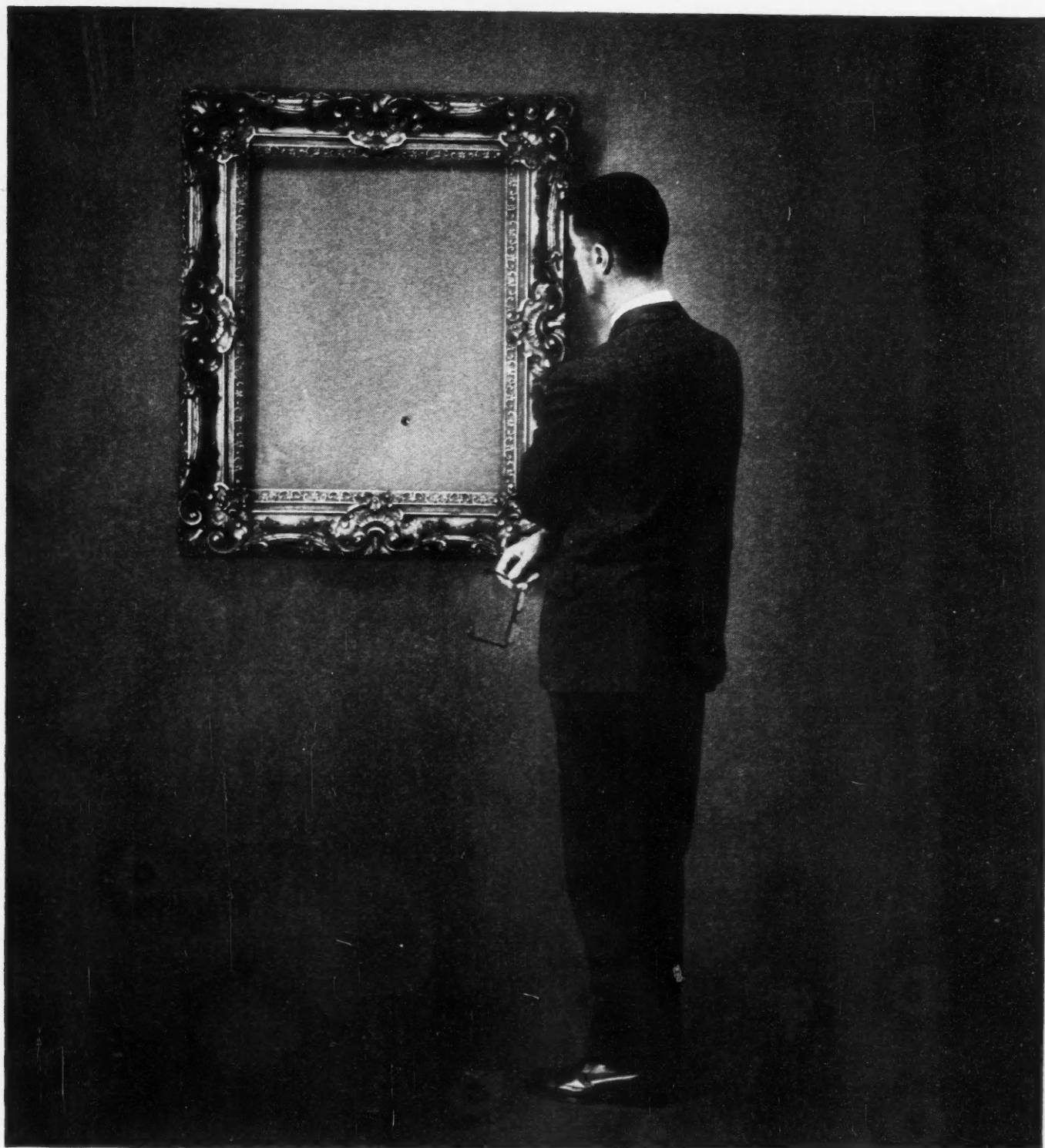
We can only applaud such plain talk. It may work wonders.

### Jobs for the Senate

THE SENATE, for all that its critics say about it, has some top-notch men in it — men learned in the law, successful businessmen, first-rate journalists and shrewd politicians. One of their jobs, and one which they have on occasion discharged extremely well, is to give legislation a good and authoritative going-over to see if the partisan debate of the Commons has left holes in the Bill.

Now John Kersell, in a book called *Parliamentary Supervision of Delegated Legislation*, has suggested another task for them. Says he, "The Canadian Senate might well be suited to bear and discharge the responsibility for reviewing statutory orders and regulations under particular orders of reference". He suggests this because "The Canadian Senate enjoys unimpaired powers over delegated legislation". He points out that the Australian Senate, also in possession of these powers, uses them to advantage.

In a complex society such as ours, delegated legislation — orders by department heads and other bureaucrats — seems to be a necessity, but when it can so intimately affect the political and economic rights of both corporations and individuals, such an authoritative check as the Senate could exert would be welcome. We hope that a number of Senators read the book while waiting for legislation to come to them from the Commons this session and decide to act upon it. Their reputation and our liberties might be strengthened by such action.



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For another of Harvey's truly excellent sherries, you might try Bristol Milk. Like Bristol Cream, Harvey's Bristol Milk is an Oloroso (rich, with a certain sweetness) of superior quality. Or you

might try Harvey's Shooting Sherry, a fine Oloroso at a modest price.

If you prefer the piquancy of a Fino (without sweetness), Harvey's Bristol Dry is unsurpassed.

You'll find that the cost of all Harvey's sherries is well within your reach, and that the joy of owning and serving them is a wonderful feeling.

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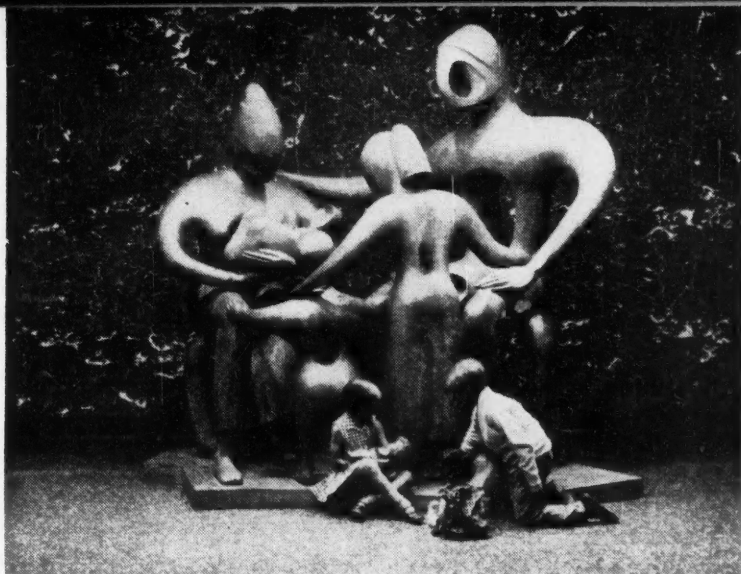


**M**ore than 200 years ago, we put the first number on a bottle of White Horse so we'd know its life history, and its owner would be sure of its greatness. We still do... and for the same reason. Millions of bottles later, each number is still your guarantee that White Horse is Scotland's finest whisky. It means simply this: IF YOU HAVE A TASTE FOR GREAT SCOTCH

**CALL FOR WHITE HORSE, OF COURSE!**







*Prudential Assurance Company of England's bronze "Family Group", totem at Jasper Park Lodge, both by Art Price.*



## Business and the Canadian Artist

by D. G. Dainton

IN A VERY REAL sense Canadian business today is a patron of art — and of the Arts generally. There is evidence of this patronage on the outside of some buildings where bas-relief sculpture is on permanent view, but to see most of it one has to go inside and, in a lot of cases, into offices.

It is the opinion of Thor Hansen, art director of British American Oil, that industry must take the place of the old patrons mainly because only industry has the money to do so. There are still many individual patrons of course, and the government, through the National Gallery and the Canada Council, encourages art and sustains artists to a marked extent, but both these sources of patronage are outside the scope of this article.

Commerce and industry in Canada are akin in many ways to the kings, merchant princes and the Church of antiquity in that they give work to artists. There are several reasons why business has become so art-conscious. A significant one is that expressed by R. York Wilson who said recently: "The interest in Canadian art is snowballing". Another, quoted by a spokesman for the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, is that fine art "has a much more enduring impact than commercial art . . ."

Hansen has explained that management realizes pleasant working areas are more conducive to contentment and tranquillity, and therefore to better working results, than austere ones. "People have a desire for beauty and they are happier when it is part of their lives," he said.

Why is industry a patron of art? One or two reasons have already been given. By and large the basic reason is not altruistic — there is no overpowering desire to keep artists from starving, nor is there any thought of patronage for the sake of it.

Companies are in business to make money, otherwise they would give their products away for the sheer joy of seeing a multitude of smiling faces. The Pulp and Paper Association has said: "We have bought fine art because it is effective". In other words, it is good public relations. But perhaps the overall reason is that it makes for pleasantness, to use a less specific word than beauty which is not easy to reconcile with beer, oil, hotel accommodation, insurance, newsprint or riding in a train.

British American Oil maintains its art project because it encourages people to do things for themselves — not to compete with the professionals but to use their hands and their imagination. Em-

ployees of art-patronage companies like seeing contemporary pictures around them, which bears out Hansen's comment about the desire for beauty, and there is often pleasant rivalry between departments about office décor.

It must be pointed out that interest in art by industry and commerce is not new. But art buying is now on a much larger scale than ever before.

There is the educational aspect which is not lost sight of. "If the inclusion of various forms of art in building is success-



*Peter Hopkinson at work on mural based on B.C.'s flora and fauna for British American Oil Company.*



Mural by Charles Comfort in Vancouver branch of Toronto-Dominion Bank is one of Canada's largest unbroken murals.

ful in its presentation to the public it must, therefore, follow the cultural level of the country as a whole, or, as in many cases, promote these interests by taking it one step further in its originality, medium or design technique. Whether or not the general public completely understands the work of art, if it remains pleasing to the eye, they will accept it, appreciate it and frequently endeavor to enrich themselves by developing an understanding of its particular form," E. G. H. Rex of Ross, Fish, Duschenes & Barrett, Montreal, architects for the new addition to the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, has said.

The decision to use art forms is not always made by a company board of directors although that body naturally has the last word. Again to quote Rex: "The question of whether or not any representation of art is to be incorporated may well be proposed by the architect or interior designer . . . In many cases, of course, the owners include in their commission for a building the desire and necessary funds to have pieces of art provided."

Perhaps it is not altogether realized to what extent industry is sponsoring art these days. The accompanying box gives

an indication of the patronage — and it is emphasized that the list is by no means comprehensive.

It is perhaps well to mention that a considerable number of Canadian artists are represented in exhibitions abroad, and our own city galleries recognize the value and public appeal of their work.

The following are a few of the international galleries showing Canadian art: New York and travelling exhibitions across the United States and South America, Great Britain, Europe (Brandtner); National Museum of Lebanon, Beyrouth, and American University in Beyrouth (Mazur); Museum of Modern Art, Rome, Venice Biennale and the *Salon des Realites Nouvelles*, Paris (Iliu); Santa Cruz (York Wilson).

Canadian institutions, as well as art galleries, permanently display national talent — North York library (Karl and Lauretta Rix); McGill University, St. Helen's Island outdoor sculpture shows, Stratford Festival, World Wide, Ottawa (Price); Temple Emanu-El, Montreal (Iliu); University of Montreal and Redpath Museum, McGill (Mazur). Albert Cloutier held an exhibition aboard a liner travelling between Canada and Germany.

But sight must not be lost of the fact

that the theme of this article is the relationship between the artist and the business houses. This relationship has been epitomized by Albert Cloutier: "If I could afford to live without the remuneration of (industrial) commissions, I think I would still look for them because it is good to accept a challenge and produce a work of art within limitations. It makes for discipline and adequate planning without affecting freedom of expression — that of course depends on the character of the artist — his talent and maturity . . ."

Do artists have freedom of expression in the execution of industrial commissions? Yes and no. When lack of freedom becomes restriction, most artists choose not to be so bound. York Wilson says that he was given a completely free hand in the Imperial Oil mural, even concerning the idea, but Jack Reppen, who also works in abstract form, felt a definite confining influence with one of his commissions when he was obliged to work to a theme decided by his sponsor. Art Price says: "I feel I am a free agent as long as the client . . . is open-minded and understanding in his reason for commissioning an artist . . ."

Fritz Brandtner has expressed his opinion on freedom in commissions this way: ". . . many people are involved — decorators (that is, artists), architects, public relations — and the artist has to do his best to combine all ideas to make a good job. You are not alone . . ."

Joseph Iliu says much the same: "Chaque commission signifie un effort de rapprochement et de compréhension de l'artiste, vers le client, et, surtout, une limitation de l'expression personnelle. Sont très rares les occasions quand j'ai eu à travailler en complète liberté d'expression . . ."

One artist has said: "Bigger commercial commissions necessitate co-operation with architects and interior designers, but it is not easy to solve problems created by managerial co-ordinators who, amazingly enough, display less judicial abilities than private collectors."



Lauretta Rix and cow-hide mural in Shell Oil's Toronto tourist centre.





Mural extends sixty-four feet along office wall, is ten feet high. Painting depicts B.C.'s growth and development.

Not all sponsors, by any means, give the artist a free hand: some are so restricting that commissions are refused. One artist says that he accepts such commissions but refuses to sign the work "when imposed characteristics do not agree with my professional conception." On one occasion York Wilson refused a commission but persuaded the sponsor to accept his suggestion as to what should be done and how.

Iliu will not accept a commission unless he has at least 50 per cent freedom. Says Brandtner: "I would rather decline if I feel I cannot go along in the way of thinking and execution." Art Price never says no to a commission "unless I've done my best to convince the client first . . ."

Albert Cloutier has "very seldom (declined) because I usually manage to deal with intelligent people" but he would refuse if the restriction was personal. No artist accepts a commission if the work is something he does not want to do — and all are most emphatic about it. "I consider discipline a great asset in creative work," says Cloutier.

"Some sponsors do not know what they want," says Karl Rix. "They say: 'Show us something and we will see if we like it'. On the other hand there are patrons who know exactly what they want and will not budge from it."

By and large, industrial commissions pay well and this is especially so with the big companies. "It is possible for an artist to earn a living by patronage, and his own efforts, and the big jobs are really worth while," Rix said, commenting on the point. They do "usually if you are worth it," was Cloutier's expression, and Joseph Iliu has found that "en général les commissions où j'ai eu plus de liberté payent moins que celles où la liberté est conditionnée . . ." Art Price says that in his experience "it's a good risk. You win on one (and) lose on another."

Fees depend on the artist. "There are many young artists who are willing to work for any price and do anything in design, which is sometimes not worth the name of art," Brandtner says, and on this

same theme Laurretta Rix has commented: "All industrial commission work is not in the best of taste . . ."

Even more outspoken was the anonymous statement: "Periodically some ridiculously low public offers are made in the name of 'the support of national art' . . . This probably implies the opinion that an artist is considered more as a lunatic than as a craftsman".

In the matter of fees and overall expenditure one thing must be said: to an extent industrial art patrons have to justify spendings with shareholders, employees and the general public in a way that did not concern classical patrons.

More than one artist has said that, as much as industry is doing to support art, it is not being overdone by any means. "We in Canada are rather slow to implement recommendations to reserve a percentage for murals or sculpture in public buildings. It is not being done because those in charge don't trust their judgment on works of art or are apathetic — that is, ignorant in such matters — so their policy is to do nothing and make no mistakes . . ." one has said.

Taking everything into consideration, however, industry has no need to be ashamed of its efforts — and the artists are happy about it.

## Some Leading Patrons of the Arts

Imperial Oil, O'Keefe's: murals by R. York Wilson.

Shell Oil: relief map of Canada by Karl and Laurretta Rix and the Arbuckle Collection.

Canadian Pacific: Royal York extension murals and carvings.

Pulp and Paper Association: 26 paintings by as many artists.

British American Oil: murals, panels, plaques in Toronto, Montreal, British Columbia, and at Casa Loma.

Brooke Bond: paintings for Toronto Tea Centre.

Molson's: murals by Alex von Svoboda.

Toronto-Dominion Bank: mural by Charles Comfort in Vancouver.

Manitoba Pool Elevators: travelling art exhibitions in rural areas.

Banks of Nova Scotia and Montreal: bas-relief carvings in Toronto main offices.

Canadian National: paintings by G. Horne Russell and the Group of Seven, murals and totem poles in several hotels and at Montreal terminal.

Confederation Life: continuing series of historical events for calendars and housed in Toronto office gallery.

House of Seagram: Canadian Cities Collection, "Canada is Famous for . . ." series, and illustrations of Stephen Leacock's "Canada — The Foundations of its Future".

Prudential of England: bronze by Art Price in Montreal.

Toronto-Dominion Bank, Montreal, and Edmonton Petroleum Club: murals by Joseph Iliu.

Bell Telephone and John Inglis Co.: various decorations by Fritz Brandtner.

Prudential of America: no details available.

Tip Top Tailors: mural by Jack Reppen.

Volkswagen: animated map by Karl Rix.

Lord Simcoe Hotel: murals in public rooms.

Canadian Industries Ltd.: displays, and mural in new Toronto office.

Canadian National Exhibition: various displays.

Three Toronto concerns who offer exhibition facilities to artists are Holland Life Insurance and Twentieth Century and Odeon theatres.





*Congolese women fomented trouble by openly welcoming attentions of handsome, comparatively wealthy Ghanaian soldiers.*

## The Human Side of the Congo

by Peter Worthington

AUTHOR JOSEPH CONRAD once called the Congo the Heart of Darkness. Today it is known as the Centre of Chaos. And its heart, or inner workings, seem darker and more obscure than ever.

During recent months hundreds of thousands of words have been written by "experts" trying to interpret the who's-on-first manoeuvrings of Congo leaders.

But often lost in the comic-confusion of the Congo is the human story of people on the spot — the day-to-day contact of troops of 30 UN nations with each other and with the floundering Congolese.

The 20,000 UN soldiers, scattered over the jungle like measles spots of hope, have long ago given up trying to figure out the whys and wherefores of what happens. They view the Congolese through astounded eyes, and simply follow orders blindly. It's the only solution for sanity.

Among the more shocked by the Congolese were the Ghanaians—and vice-versa.

A Ghana colonel, black as midnight yet as English as a burned crumpet, announced at one of the many fracas that broke out: "These chaps (Congolese) are an absolute shower . . . My chaps can't possibly work with such uncivilized savages!" He was Sandhurst personified.

And his attitude reflected that of most Ghana soldiers who were the backbone of the UN operation in Leopoldville.

*Africans assert their problem is not a black one, but a white one.*

The Congolese, in turn, refused to believe the Ghana troops were really African. Instead they thought they were American Negroes or Indians in disguise. It was all a tricky scheme by the Imperialistic UN they said.

While they were protecting ex-premier Patrice Lumumba in his residence, Ghana troops joked that they were protecting "one cannibal from the rest of the cannibals."

Of all the UN troops in the Congo none were smarter in appearance than the Ghanaians. In deportment, discipline, gentleness and efficiency they resembled British Guardsmen.

A top ranking Ghana police officer ad-

mitted that before coming to the Congo he longed for the day when the British would leave Ghana. But after seeing the chaos in Leopoldville he said: "I hope the English stay with us forever."

British and Ghana officers work together in that army, and it constantly startled (and enlightened) other Africans to see white officers saluting and obeying the orders of higher-ranking African officers.

In the Congo, "Negro" is a dirty word and means "American." Africans prefer the term "black" which they insist is simpler and more accurate. They point out that in Africa today there is no black problem — only a white one.



The 300 or so Canadians in the Congo have a reputation of being friendly, capable . . . and the scruffiest in appearance of all UN troops.

In olive green bush pants and shirts, the Canadians resemble ill-clad refugees. The only creases the trousers hold in the steambath climate are wrinkles, and the shirts bag at the waist, curl at the collar, and go limp with sweat.

A Canadian civilian in Leopoldville finds himself apologizing for the slovenly appearance of the troops. Since the bush trousers fade with every washing, no two Canadian soldiers have the same-colored uniform.

Egyptian paratroopers there make our men look like rag-bag leftovers. Ours are the worst looking troops in the Congo — rivalled only by Moroccans and Tunisians.

The Indonesians are the gay blades of the Congo. Dapper, competent little soldiers in their tailored camouflage uniforms, they scurry about at full and cheerful tilt on tiny legs, making friends and taking no nonsense.

When the Indonesians arrived at Coquilhatville, 500 miles up the Congo River, they immediately began growing vegetable gardens, they scrubbed the local hospital, started cleaning up the city, and took daily route marches singing at the top of their lungs.

The people — UN and Congolese — were fascinated.

The irony of revolt-torn Indonesia coming to help the Congo straighten its muddle escapes UN officials. The Indonesians have had the most combat experience of all UN members, all of it from fighting their own rebels at home.

Ethiopian troops are fun-loving and extra-pally with Canadians at Stanleyville. Long on discipline, they're short on military know-how. The Canadian signal detachment at Stanleyville is commanded by an infantry officer. He seems to be the military advisor and walking, tactical text book for the Ethiopians.

The first casualties suffered by the UN force involved Tunisians. One man was eaten by a crocodile; one was killed by a poisoned arrow; another was the victim of an ancient blunderbus blast; one was missing and was feared to be the main course for cannibals; and there was one near-escape when a soldier went to sleep beneath a palm tree and awoke to find a gorilla tugging his rifle. The man pulled the trigger, killed the gorilla, and promptly had a nervous breakdown.

Canadians are among the most racially un-prejudiced of white troops in the Congo. At Leopoldville night clubs Canadian soldiers can be seen escorting Congolese damsels and creating interracial harmony.

The proud Ghanaians ran into husband trouble. Congolese men became increasingly jealous and annoyed that their

womenfolk preferred the handsome, comparatively wealthy Ghana soldiers.

The fantastic costs of Leopoldville keep rising. Taxi fares rise a dollar a jump. And taxi drivers are mostly youths who "liberated" cars from Belgian owners after independence in July.

Canadians are billeted in a former school complete with playing fields, swimming pool and decorated quarters. Decorations consist of huge murals of Snow White, the Seven Dwarfs, Bambi, Donald Duck, and the other Walt Disney characters. It's all very cute but most unmilitary.

Among the off-beat ingredients of the Congo stew are:

- The time when police invaded a hotel and rounded up whites without identification passes, and an Englishman tore a menu in half and signed Julius Caesar under the item *Escargots de Bourgogne*. This satisfied the Congolese policeman who couldn't read anyway.



*Ghanaian troops regard Congolese brutality as the work of uncivilized savages.*

- When CBC's Donald Gordon was taping voices on a portable recorder he suddenly found himself in trouble when the crowd became convinced his machine was "eating souls."

- Premier Lumumba promoted his entire 27,000-man army by one rank after Independence, thereby giving the Congo the only army in the world with no private soldiers.

- At Lumumba's offices his followers sold gay sports shirts splattered with Lummy's picture and the word "Independence." Profits went to Patrice.

- When the UN paid the Congolese army after it mutinied because of no pay parades, several civilians arrived at UN headquarters saying they, too, were mutineers and where did they get the money.

- A white man was stopped on the street by a Congolese soldier and asked to trade a ship tattooed on his arm for tribal scars etched into the soldier's face. When he asked how the trade would be made, the Congolese angrily snapped that

this was something the white man surely could figure out.

- A rumor swept Leopoldville that a lotion called Male-Pale was on sale that would turn black skins white.

- In markets, on each piece of meat sold for food, a piece of fur was left. This showed customers they weren't buying butchered humans.

- Canadian soldiers reportedly taught an ape at a zoo to smoke; now the animal won't touch local cigarettes — only Canadian ones.

- Then there's the story of the unhappy Congolese politician with indigestion who complained: "I just ate someone who disagreed with me."

- When the Russians left Stanleyville they took three-and-a-half tons of vodka and medals—the first for their own spirits, the second to honor Congolese agitators.

- On Independence Day soil was loosened on graves so departed spirits could come alive again.

- Prior to Independence Day, comen were selling sealed boxes to the public. Buyers were told that inside was the "independence," and not to open before June 30.

- And reports came in from Eastern Urundi-Ruandi territory that seven-foot Watusi warriors were hiring pygmies to do their fighting.

- An enterprising Congolese discovered a key to wealth. He has a mass production system of painting pictures. One youth paints skies, another trees, another water, another huts, and so on. Then the paintings are sold to UN officials, all of whom seem to be ardent souvenir hunters.

- An historian discovered that people of the Congo are really descendants of the ancient tribe of Ognoc — Congo spelled backwards.

- And the report was circulated that Lumumba was having trees planted next to the Parliament buildings so members could swing into their seats. Government sources later denied this.



*A politician to his fingertips, Manitoba's Duff Roblin leaves no doubt about who leads and speaks for his party.*

## Duff Roblin: Young Man in a Hurry

by Warner Troyer

"THE CONSERVATIVE party is a party of empiricists. We're not here for the special benefit of any clique or group or to serve a handful of people in Bay Street — even though we may catch hell from some people who think otherwise. We're a party of the middle."

So says Premier Duff Roblin, leader of Manitoba's "New Look" Conservative government. Premier Roblin admits freely that he's never "felt bound by tradition or by textbook definitions of party policy." He goes further:

"If it's reactionary it's for the birds. We're all living, and government has got to measure up to our changing times."

A scant 11 years ago Dufferin Roblin was not in politics and he had no intention of entering public life. While attending a houseparty, in 1949, he was challenged by friends to contest the coming election after he had complained bitterly about Manitoba's coalition government. He won the election; five years later he won leadership of his party and after nine years, in June of 1958, he was Premier.

From the beginning Duff Roblin was a politician who "did his homework." He made an early mark in the House where,

as a Conservative who refused to support coalition, he sat as an independent. In 1950, just a year after his first election campaign and victory, he was touted as a leadership candidate; but he declined the nomination.

Premier Roblin says today that the then leader (Hon. Errick Willis, now Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba) "deserved an opportunity to show what he could do after the breakup of coalition." Some political observers say the young MLA's refusal to run was based on a hardheaded assessment of his chances and a belief he couldn't win the contest.

When he won the leadership in 1954 Duff Roblin was just 37 years old. Today, solidly entrenched in a government that even the hardest Grits see in office for another full term, Premier Roblin is a mere 43 — and only at the beginning of his public career.

The one point on which political friends and foes agree is the assessment of Duff Roblin's ability and his capacity for work. Described by one veteran newspaperman as "a politician to his fingertips", the Premier misses no bets, passes up no opportunities.

This past summer, with the pressure off his office routine, the Premier visited virtually every one of the 57 constituencies in Manitoba. Invariably his visits were followed by pictures and stories in the local newspapers. "Premier Cuts Ribbon" and "Premier Roblin Turns First Sod" are practically standing heads in most newspaper offices in Manitoba.

On one visit, to tiny Killarney in southwest Manitoba, Roblin cut four ribbons and turned a sod before making an inspection tour of the community's scant business section. Attacked by his political opponents for "wasting time", the premier goes blithely about his business seeing and meeting voters throughout the province.

In 1958, when the Conservative party followed its youthful leader into office in Manitoba for the first time since 1915, the win was largely a personal victory for Duff Roblin. Though he disclaims any affection for "the leadership complex", the political "Christ syndrome" has done him no harm.

The 1958 Conservative victory was the result of opposition-leader Roblin's loud and persistent hammering of govern-



ment blunders, and most particularly, of his tough, sustained work and campaigning.

A successful businessman, Roblin sold his firm and entered politics on a 24-hour-per-day basis from the moment he won leadership of his party. He handpicked his candidates and made his greatest coup thanks to a mortal blunder by Liberal leader D. L. Campbell who permitted Roblin to woo and win a lukewarm-Liberal country doctor who had been denied the Grit's nomination; that man, Hon. Dr. George Johnson, became Roblin's most able campaigner and, following election, his vital and driving minister of health and welfare — altogether the most able and best-liked man in the Roblin cabinet.

No fanatic in terms of party and cabinet discipline, Roblin nevertheless leaves no doubt about who leads his party. Some of his colleagues refer to him, only half-jokingly as "our little Caesar."

In stature the Premier is short. His compact figure always dressed in well-tailored, conservative suits, he gives some the impression of being just a shade too well-groomed and tailored. One of his greatest fears, prodded constantly by Winnipeg *Free Press* cartoonist Peter Kuch, who depicts the premier as a boy scout, is of being thought priggish. His language, always precise, sometimes almost Churchillian, adds to the effect.

After his election and installation as Premier, cartoonist Kuch added long trousers to the boy scout caricature — commenting it was time to give the Conservative leader the dignity owing his new station.

Politics are nothing new to the Roblin clan. Soon after their arrival in Upper Canada as United Empire Loyalists in 1784 his family was engaged in public affairs. One ancestor sat in the parliament of Upper Canada in 1807, another in the Union Parliament of the 1840's. Grandfather Rodmand Palen Roblin, who went west in 1877 as a farmer and trader, was elected a Liberal member of the Manitoba house in 1880. He soon crossed the floor

to the Tories who made him leader.

Sir Rodmand became Premier of Manitoba and so served from 1900 to 1915. He was swept from office by a scandal which smeared many of his ministers, though it left him personally unhurt and never marred his reputation for integrity. The next Conservative premier elected in Manitoba was his grandson.

"I remember my grandfather during the last ten years of his life, long after he left office" recalls Duff Roblin. "The only thing he ever told me about politics was to stay away from it. He wanted me to go into business."

Once in the political arena the new-generation Roblin wasted no time or motion. He began his campaign for leadership of the almost defunct Manitoba organization in December of 1953 with lashing attacks on the "failure" of party leaders "at all levels" to "keep pace with the times." He complained that Canadian Tories were "preaching to the converted . . . failing to appeal to the independent voter . . . failing to attract the best candidates . . . satisfied to continue with outmoded leadership."

The leadership campaign was a bitter one, but one conducted in a unique way as the three candidates travelled, ate and spoke together during the weeks before the convention. "There was never any personal animosity" says Roblin.

There was certainly bitterness and concern among the ranks of the province's old-line Tories as young Roblin crusaded about Manitoba calling for low tariffs and demanding that his party "recruit the old-fashioned Liberals."

When he won leadership on the second ballot the new party chief, celebrating his 37th birthday, made his first act an appeal for a standing ovation to the retiring leader. "I knew I was going to win" he recalls. Though a city member of the House, his victory was assured by a heavy majority of rural votes at the convention.

With his next goal a provincial election victory, the new chief lost no time drawing a careful bead on the political scalp of



*At the polls: A family affair.*

Liberal Premier Doug Campbell. With scant help in the legislature from his nine Conservative colleagues Duff Roblin saw to it that the last three years of the Campbell administration were spent in an agony of barbs, quips, labels and lacerations.

He called the government "penny-pinching, imprudent, inefficient" — and made the tags stick. Elected with a minority government in June of 1958, Roblin dipped into the reserves carefully squirreled away by his opponent, provided transfusions of hard cash for highways, welfare and education, and went back to the people in May of 1959 for the majority he knew was his.

Since his election Roblin has seen Manitoba enact the most far-reaching welfare program Canada has outside socialist Saskatchewan. Welfare experts in Winnipeg describe it as "the best in Canada." He has made major changes in education grants and plans, shot massive funds into highway programs and northern development, undertaken major development of provincial hydro resources. He has, generally, out-liberalled his Liberal predecessors in virtually every field of administration.

Roblin has also seen tremendous growth in the provincial civil service, major increases in provincial debt, and, now, a situation which has top Tory spokesmen suggesting, quietly, that "Manitoba is undertaxed." Failing major benefits to Manitoba from the currently unproductive tax rental talks with Ottawa, Manitobans can probably look ahead to substantial tax increases, possibly in the field of sales tax, within the next 24 months. This promise of tax hikes has given the opposition its one meagre bone of contention so far — one of "impro-



*Winnipeg Free Press cartoonist Kuch depicts Roblin in role of Boy Scout.*



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ment blunders, and most particularly, of his tough, sustained work and campaigning.

A successful businessman, Roblin sold his firm and entered politics on a 24-hour-per-day basis from the moment he won leadership of his party. He handpicked his candidates and made his greatest coup thanks to a mortal blunder by Liberal leader D. L. Campbell who permitted Roblin to woo and win a lukewarm-Liberal country doctor who had been denied the Grit's nomination; that man, Hon. Dr. George Johnson, became Roblin's most able campaigner and, following election, his vital and driving minister of health and welfare — altogether the most able and best-liked man in the Roblin cabinet.

No fanatic in terms of party and cabinet discipline, Roblin nevertheless leaves no doubt about who leads his party. Some of his colleagues refer to him, only half-jokingly as "our little Caesar."

In stature the Premier is short. His compact figure always dressed in well-tailored, conservative suits, he gives some the impression of being just a shade too well-groomed and tailored. One of his greatest fears, prodded constantly by Winnipeg *Free Press* cartoonist Peter Kuch, who depicts the premier as a boy scout, is of being thought priggish. His language, always precise, sometimes almost Churchillian, adds to the effect.

After his election and installation as Premier, cartoonist Kuch added long trousers to the boy scout caricature — commenting it was time to give the Conservative leader the dignity owing his new station.

Politics are nothing new to the Roblin clan. Soon after their arrival in Upper Canada as United Empire Loyalists in 1784 his family was engaged in public affairs. One ancestor sat in the parliament of Upper Canada in 1807, another in the Union Parliament of the 1840's. Grandfather Rodmand Palen Roblin, who went west in 1877 as a farmer and trader, was elected a Liberal member of the Manitoba house in 1880. He soon crossed the floor

to the Tories who made him leader.

Sir Rodmand became Premier of Manitoba and so served from 1900 to 1915. He was swept from office by a scandal which smeared many of his ministers, though it left him personally unhurt and never marred his reputation for integrity. The next Conservative premier elected in Manitoba was his grandson.

"I remember my grandfather during the last ten years of his life, long after he left office" recalls Duff Roblin. "The only thing he ever told me about politics was to stay away from it. He wanted me to go into business."

Once in the political arena the new-generation Roblin wasted no time or motion. He began his campaign for leadership of the almost defunct Manitoba organization in December of 1953 with lashing attacks on the "failure" of party leaders "at all levels" to "keep pace with the times." He complained that Canadian Tories were "preaching to the converted . . . failing to appeal to the independent voter . . . failing to attract the best candidates . . . satisfied to continue with outmoded leadership."

The leadership campaign was a bitter one, but one conducted in a unique way as the three candidates travelled, ate and spoke together during the weeks before the convention. "There was never any personal animosity" says Roblin.

There was certainly bitterness and concern among the ranks of the province's old-line Tories as young Roblin crusaded about Manitoba calling for low tariffs and demanding that his party "recruit the old-fashioned Liberals."

When he won leadership on the second ballot the new party chief, celebrating his 37th birthday, made his first act an appeal for a standing ovation to the retiring leader. "I knew I was going to win" he recalls. Though a city member of the House, his victory was assured by a heavy majority of rural votes at the convention.

With his next goal a provincial election victory, the new chief lost no time drawing a careful bead on the political scalp of



*At the polls: A family affair.*

Liberal Premier Doug Campbell. With scant help in the legislature from his nine Conservative colleagues Duff Roblin saw to it that the last three years of the Campbell administration were spent in an agony of barbs, quips, labels and lacerations.

He called the government "penny-pinching, imprudent, inefficient" — and made the tags stick. Elected with a minority government in June of 1958, Roblin dipped into the reserves carefully squirreled away by his opponent, provided transfusions of hard cash for highways, welfare and education, and went back to the people in May of 1959 for the majority he knew was his.

Since his election Roblin has seen Manitoba enact the most far-reaching welfare program Canada has outside socialist Saskatchewan. Welfare experts in Winnipeg describe it as "the best in Canada." He has made major changes in education grants and plans, shot massive funds into highway programs and northern development, undertaken major development of provincial hydro resources. He has, generally, out-liberalised his Liberal predecessors in virtually every field of administration.

Roblin has also seen tremendous growth in the provincial civil service, major increases in provincial debt, and, now, a situation which has top Tory spokesmen suggesting, quietly, that "Manitoba is undertaxed." Failing major benefits to Manitoba from the currently unproductive tax rental talks with Ottawa, Manitobans can probably look ahead to substantial tax increases, possibly in the field of sales tax, within the next 24 months. This promise of tax hikes has given the opposition its one meagre bone of contention so far — one of "impro-



*Winnipeg Free Press cartoonist Kuch depicts Roblin in role of Boy Scout.*





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vident spending" and "acting too quickly."

Most of the voters seem content. They agree with Roblin that Manitoba has been both undertaxed and underserved. They want the services he is providing — and seem willing to pay the shot.

Failing disastrous blunders, or miracles of campaigning by his opponents, Roblin seems solidly entrenched for at least another term after his present one. After that term, he may well move into the federal arena. Once a close friend of George Hees, Roblin is now said the man most likely to give Hees a struggle for federal leadership of the Conservative party ten years hence.

Roblin cannot be accused, as the *London Times* accused Hees, of having "more personality than ability." Born on the same day as his federal colleague,

Roblin is seven years younger than the trade minister.

Roblin's qualifications for the federal leadership are evident. He speaks fluent French, and uses the second language among Manitoba's substantial French-speaking population at every opportunity. He is possessed of consummate skill in legislative debate, hurt only slightly by his single debating fault—a quick temper.

He is effective on the hustings, always a good and occasionally a very nearly great speaker; he likes public life, counts himself "proud to be called a politician," has gauged the political wants of his electorate as well as any man in public life in Canada and better than most.

When the chips are down the decision on who will next lead Canada's Conservative party will probably be up to Duff Roblin. He denies ambition for the post, says it's his philosophy to "try to do the next thing as best I can," says his only ambition "is to win the next provincial election in Manitoba." Manitoba observers do not believe anyone who has worked so hard and successfully at the chore of becoming a skilled political craftsman will settle for a purely provincial career.

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Nor does Manitoba's Premier lack a national outlook. He says of his own party that "it must continue its nation-building work — as it did under John A. There's been a tendency to confuse party titles in Canada. The Conservative party must be the party of progress — the progressive party. We must appeal to

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A view of Duff Roblin is a view of a man in a hurry. His rush may end when he has Manitoba ordered as he would like it — but most Manitoba political observers doubt it.



*Duff and Mary on wedding day.*



*Pipes for a party of progress?*



# Christmas With My New Canadians

by J. E. Parsons

CHRISTMAS, for the New Canadian, is the one time of the year when he feels in tune with the natives of his adopted country. Gifts, cards, good wishes, expansiveness, all these he understands. The Yuletide customs and good fellowship are not new to him. He is suddenly at home.

For the past ten years I have had the pleasure of teaching English to New Canadians, children and adults, day and night. (Please don't ask me to change my job. I love it.) And at Christmas the relationship between teacher and student, whether adult or child, has moments of high comedy.

The adult groups are lavish and sincere in their rewards to their teacher, for whom they feel an intense loyalty. Here is their opportunity to reveal, without becoming enmeshed in the intricacies of English, their deep gratitude toward one who is giving them help. It never fails, the last school night before the holidays, that one member of the class, acting for the whole, arrives earlier than the teacher to deposit on the latter's desk a gift-wrapped token of sincerity and esteem.

The ceremony of accepting, opening and admiring, is a most heart-warming one, and is usually handled without a hitch and to everyone's satisfaction and delight. It is a wonderful thing to happen to a teacher.

However, as I look back over twenty Christmases (ten each for the adults and children) I remember a few occasions when it was a bit difficult to keep a straight face. A night-school class presented me with a really expensive gift, accompanying it with a card labelled, "Shower Gift for the Bride." And then there was the attractive thirteen-year-old Italian girl who blushing handed me a "Christmas" card on the front of which was factory-printed, "Happy Birthday, Son."

Early in December the classes choose a "treasurer" who immediately applies himself to the task of collecting cash from his classmates for a gift to the teacher. Sometimes it is a little difficult for the latter to pretend not to know what is going on. The students, adults as well as children, have a childlike faith that the teacher has no idea what is being done.

Sometimes this plan has its flaws. Two

nights before the final night of school before one Christmas, a Greek gentleman gave me an envelope containing a two-dollar bill. This was a real surprise to me. Cash is just never given. I could only guess that perhaps the treasurer had proclaimed, "Bring your money for the teacher next Tuesday." Mr. Houtopoulos had done precisely that.

I recall one December evening when an estimable German lady, shy almost to the point of tears, acted on behalf of the class to give me a shopping-bag, then scurried back to the sanctuary of her seat. After a show of surprise (pure theatre; for several previous evenings I had seen unmistakable signs of Mrs. Guenther putting the bite on her classmates), I gave my attention to the bag.

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The organizers of class collections for Yule gifts are not always the last word in tact. One Christmas I received, besides a generous gift, a card which contained all the names of the donors with the individual amount donated carefully recorded beside each name. Thus was I enabled, I suppose, to measure the various degrees of estimation in which I was held.

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days in my day-school class of New Canadian boys and girls. On the card which accompanied the gift were faithfully listed in one column all those who had helped finance the gift, while a shorter column declared the names of those who had resisted the urges (outer and inner) to contribute. This latter column was headed, "Excluded." And one of the "excluded" had been scratched out and switched to the preferred column — he, at the last minute, had, apparently, seen the light and ponied up.

Only once was there anything even approaching serious unpleasantness. On the evening scheduled for gift-giving, I was away with the flu. The good lady who had been in charge of collecting for and buying the gift did some pretty good detective work and discovered my address. Just before Christmas the mailman brought me a chaste and probably expensive tie-clip and cuff-links set in sterling silver.

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correct a deteriorating situation. Next school night I wore the gift and displayed it, at close range, to each member of the class, at the same time extolling its beauty and evident worth. There was no more trouble. A younger, more resourceful teacher, I suppose, might have seized that moment for the teaching and application of the word "apologize." I did nothing.

Adults, it seems, can be cruel. Children's capacities in that direction are well known. One day before Christmas, following the usual gift and card for the teacher, the latter, as is the custom, furnished refreshments for a party in the classroom. Unhappily I gave the job of distributing food and drink to Giacomo, the very boy who had been collecting money from the class for my gift.

The business of eating was going along merrily, until I noticed that three of the children were close to tears. They had absolutely nothing on their desks, not even paper napkins. They had been given no food, no drinks. They had not contributed toward the gift, reasoned the dispenser, therefore they shall neither eat nor drink of the teacher's bounty.

Of course this situation was rectified summarily, and everyone was happy. But Giacomo sulked a while in his tent, probably grieving over my wasteful stupidity in giving to non-givers.

A very startling thing happened to me during a Christmas party. One of the boys, Paolo, a real show-off if there ever

was one, sat at the back of the room. Refreshments had been doled out (fair and square this time!), but Paolo gobbled his share faster than did his fellows. Then he took advantage of his distance from the teacher and the latter's relaxation of vigilance and proceeded to consume his cardboard plate! I never did discover whether he was exercising his natural exhibitionism or showing a fine disdain for the miserable collation I had provided.

For one class party, I thought the boys and girls might be interested in hearing some music while they ate. I brought to school a few records: Tchaikowsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, some carols and some Christmas songs including *Jingle Bells*. Before the *Suite* was played, I wrote the name of each division of it on the blackboard, *Waltz of the Flowers*, *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies*, etc.

The children enjoyed the music, listened intently. When all was over, I asked which selections they had enjoyed most. Francesco's favorite: *Bashing Through the Snow*. And Aliza's choice, *Dance of the Plumbers!*

Whoever thought a simple class party at Christmas could be dangerous? This time the teacher provided everything except drinks. The children wanted it that way, so that each could bring his favorite pop. Teachers never buy the right pop. It was all arranged two days before the actual party. Everyone understood, or seemed to. But Salvatore, just two weeks

off the boat, had not fully understood. The day of the party Salvatore showed up with a large bottle of home-made wine.

"No, Salvatore. Not at school." The offending bottle was placed on the window-sill near him, and the rest of the pupils from time to time contributed a little of their pop to his paper cup. We had our cookies, ice-cream, candy and canes, then songs, in which Salvatore, normally reticent, joined with unusual verve.

Near the end of the sing-song I understood. The wine-bottle was empty. Salvatore had been using the children's contributions as a mixer! He was feeling no pain. As he left school, weaving slightly, he probably thought that Canada was a country where they certainly knew how to throw a class party.

Everything considered, one of the most thoughtful and touching gifts I have ever received from a New Canadian boy was a chocolate bar. Money, I knew, was a very scarce commodity in his home. He had spent ten cents, a large sum for him, on a gift for his teacher. And just to spare me any inconvenience, he had taken the trouble to unwrap it some time before the presentation.

It had lain in his pocket and never once had he succumbed to what must have been many a powerful temptation to eat some of it. He handed me the bar, whole, albeit a little woolly, and his eyes were shining.



## The Simple Joys of Mountain Climbing

by John Gellner

MOST GOOD CANADIANS adhere firmly to the principle that it is better to drive badly than to walk well. Thus, when I tell my friends here about my hikes in the Alps they listen patiently but their minds are closed. "Mountain climbing is for the birds", is their considered and final judgment. There are in Canada at most a few thousand practitioners of the great sport of mountaineering, and even that estimate is perhaps too high. All those others who could set foot, after some exhilarating exertions, on lofty mountain peaks, but prefer to speed along the highways underneath—they just do not know what they are missing.



Mountaineers: Why do they do it?

My answer to the standard question "What do you get from scrambling up a mountain?" is that it is really a waste of time to think of some good reason. George Mallory's famous "Because the mountains are there", has become a cliché which I, for one, have never rightly understood.

There is, of course, no compulsion, not even psychological, although some of the more misguided Teutonic mountaineers have been known to say that at the sight of a mountain they felt that they just must conquer it—and Hollywood has recently imputed to its mountaineering



*Gross-Glockner, highest of Alps.*

heroes the same deplorable sentiment. If there is a challenge, it stays deep within, for there is no competition in true mountaineering, there are no spectators, and there is no glory.

What really happens is that from somewhere across a green mountain valley a peak beckons. The white stream of a glacier, with its ice-falls in bluish tints, leads to its foot. A fine, shining ribbon, a snow couloir, crosses the mountain face. It shows the way up to the crenelated ridge which sweeps higher and higher until it blends with the summit. One would like to reach it. It looks like a hard enough task for one's strength and experience, but not at all impossible, a task which to accomplish means as much to the humble alpinist as reaching the top of Mt. Everest to Edmund Hillary.

"Just as much as we can manage", says the little man as he consults guide book and map, and talks things over with his companions. And next day they will probably be up there on the sunbathed or storm-tossed top—either has its beauties—amid the great solitude and the indescribable splendor of the big mountains. Why did they do it? Because they liked to realize a dream, I suppose, and to work hard at realizing it.

Every good alpinist keeps a record of his climbs. Some of these, Whymper's, Mummery's, Conway's, have made great reading. Mine is rather commonplace. Still, for what they are worth, here are parts of my entry for July 20 of this year when I scaled the 12,475 ft. Gross-Glockner, the highest peak in the Austrian Alps:

"Left Stuedl hut (9,193 ft.) 3.45 a.m.—Adlersruhe (11,332 ft.) 6.15 — Summit (12,475 ft.) 8.30 — Adlersruhe 9.30 — Hohenwart col (10,440 ft) 11.15 — Salm hut (8,665 ft.) 12.10 — Crew house on Magritzen lake (6,850 ft.) 4.05 p.m. . . . Grey morning. Biting N. to NE. wind.

Lower peaks free of clouds which lie in a solid bank at about 11,000 ft. Thus no view from summit . . .

"It is 25 years that I was last on the Gross-Glockner. Conditions this time were entirely wintry — we kept our crampons on (and needed them) right to the summit . . . I felt secure and strong as in the days of youth. Only at the very end, on the steep grass slopes of the Pasterz side, did I feel that it was a long and weary day . . ."

My guide, Sepp Bacher of Kaprun, in Salzburg province—friend I should rather say, for we have been climbing together, on and off, since 1932 — and I were outside the Stuedl hut of the Austrian Alpine Club, where we had spent the night, at very first light. The weather looked menacing. Grey rags of cloud were being driven across the dark sky by a wind which promised to be a bone-shaker on the exposed ridges. The summits to the South, still black silhouettes, carried at their tops white plumes of driven snow. It was bitterly cold.

Our first goal, the Adlersruhe (this means "eagle's rest"), is the highest hut in Austria (everything is the highest on the Gross-Glockner). To reach it, one crosses a small glacier, walks up a steep snow slope to a rocky knob, and then scrambles along an easy rock ridge where steel cables facilitate the few steeper — or airier—passages. Already, on that usually much-trodden and meek ridge, we got a taste of things to come. There was fresh snow everywhere. A glazing of ice was on the rocks. Neither Sepp nor I disdained holding on to the cables.

It was pleasantly warm in the kitchen of the Adlersruhe hut, and a well-laced jug of tea added to our well-being. The call to duty sounded very faintly from wherever the seat is of man's conscience, but in the end we obeyed it. We tied our crampons (the 8-, 10-, or 12-pointed sets of spikes which one straps onto the ordinary mountain boots whenever steep, hard snow or ice is expected) and roped-on inside the hut — it would have been impossible to do that in the open, in the roaring storm — and we put on our balaclavas and mittens.

The last time I had been on the Gross-Glockner, in 1935, with my late sister, another friend, and Sepp, it was on a normal, sunny summer day. There was dry rock on the whole upper part of the mountain, fairly steep but good-natured, offering a pleasant, easy bit of scrambling. This time all was covered with snow — snow swept and hard-packed by the wind. What does not seem very steep when one can hold on to good rock with one's hands looks vertiginous if one has to manage it walking erect on a precipitous snow slope.

The "Scharte", a narrow breach between the lower eastern and the main summits, was a fine knife-edge of snow

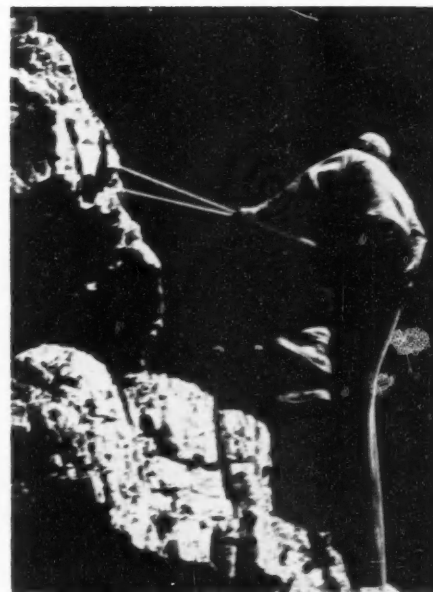
across which we had to balance with some care. But then there was the top of Gross-Glockner, with its big, iron cross dedicated to the fallen of the First World War, buried in snow almost to the cross-bar.

A hurricane wind was whistling through the cables by which the cross is anchored. A veritable vortex of mist and powdery snow seemed to encircle us. We should have turned about at once, but I just could not tear myself away. It was the fourth time that I had been on the Gross-Glockner. From the surrounding valleys and from other summits I must have seen its fine, white needle point a hundred times. Much of my youth was bound up with the mountains around it. So, I climbed down a few steps along the South ridge, crouched underneath a rock, and sat there, with chattering teeth, savoring every minute of the few for which I could hold out amid the raging of the elements.

Giving this account of a very ordinary climb made on a very bad day is perhaps not the best way of enticing others to take up mountaineering as a hobby. But it probably helps to make one point: that it is to *be* in the mountains which matters, not what one achieves or what one sees in them. Whatever the surrounding conditions, there always is that glorious freeing of oneself from the shackles of workaday life.

The best thing about mountain climbing is that one can enjoy it at any age. The goals change, of course, but if they are properly chosen — not too easy, not too difficult, somewhere not far from the limits of one's moral and physical strength — then reaching them gives one all that which a much more severe climb gave one in younger years.

There lived in my native city, Trieste, an old gentleman, a Mr. Kugy, who was a very successful businessman, a famous organist, and a very fine writer. In his *Life of a Mountaineer* he tells how as a boy he used to walk up into the Kras,



*A definite feeling of elation.*



the wild, stony mountain range near Trieste, to look for the wondrous, green oases, the *doliny*, which one finds there amid the rocky wastes, and for the mountain lily which grows on them and nowhere else, the *Scabiosa Trenta*.

Around the turn of the century Kugy was at his peak, one of the greatest of the alpine climbers for whom no rock wall was too steep, no ice flank too forbidding. When the Second World War came he was a very old man, in his eighties, and was back roaming through his beloved Kras. He may have feasted his eyes on the *Scabiosa Trenta* on that day when he died peacefully, just after returning home from his last hike in the mountains.

For me, too, it has been over 22 years since I last heard the strange, singing sound produced when a steel peg is driven into a crack in the rock, and the sharp click of the snap-link which denotes that the rope is secured. I used to like the difficult rock climbs, from the moment when, with a queasy feeling in the pit of the stomach, one craned one's neck to look up the smooth rock face reaching into the sky, to those exciting glimpses into the purple depths from high up in the wall.

It is good to be reminded of these old thrills, as I was this year when, on passing by the Rifel lake, above Zermatt, on our

way to the Monte Rosa hut, we decided to do a little scrambling on the Rifelhorn. This is a small rocky peak — its summit stands only 500 feet above the lake — the usual practice crag of the Zermatt climbers. It can be done in a dozen ways.

We — my young Swiss guide, Hans Hari of Kandersteg, in the Bernese Oberland, and I — chose one of moderate difficulty, the so-called "Skyline" route. There is a passage, near the end, where to enter a rock chimney one must climb a little vertical wall with few and small holds. The whole step is only about 10 feet high. It would undoubtedly have looked rather meek to me in former years; now to negotiate it was something of a feat. And then there was that old feeling of elation again as I reached far across the rock slab, felt a good hold at the tips of my fingers, and pulled myself up into the safety of the narrow chimney.

There are days in the mountains when one has the feeling of being uplifted from this world into a realm of perfect calm and beauty. I remember such a day two years ago, in the Bernina range, in Switzerland, when, on a wonderfully clear day, we walked along the ridges of Piz Palü. We had left the Diavolezza hut when it was still dark, had stood on the Pers glacier in the icy shadows of the breaking day, and had then trod our way

through an ice-fall and up steep snow slopes until we reached the ridge at the so-called "Shoulder", at a height of about 12,200 feet.

The summit is another 600 feet higher, at the end of a fine crest of snow crowned by a perfect ice-tower, the East Peak. It was one of those sun-drenched days that one encounters only when one is high above the mantle of dust and smoke underneath which we are condemned to live for most of our time. The sky was of the finest light blue flecked with gold. The snow was a-sparkle with silvery and golden flashes.

Around us stood the eternal mountains, perfectly shaped domes, pyramids, spires. Far to the South, in an opaque haze, lay the plains of Italy. We were crossing a long narrow bridge which lead to the heart of this wondrous world, to the Eden of which we had dreamed.

During that blessed hour which I spent sitting on my haversack, in the sun, on the top of Piz Palü, it never occurred to me to ask myself why I had trudged for six hours to come up here. I only thought of how much I wanted to do just that, for as long as my legs would carry me. And I wished that many more people could see what I saw, could feel what I felt.



## Mr. Elephant's Magnificent Moment

by Kildare Dobbs

IT'S A PITY Buttonshaw can't write this story himself.

Among friends, over the brandy that follows a good dinner, he can tell it with great vividness and unrestraint. It's only in print that he speaks with stiff upper lip. A minor proconsul, he has developed a civil servant's dread of the first person singular.

Not that modesty is his problem. Far from it. It's bureaucratic caution. An example—to write "I kicked the dog" would be dangerous. The "I" might have to answer for it. But "The dog was kicked" is safe; suggests that, if anyone, the dog himself is to blame.

So you see why he can't tell his own story. Not, anyway, as he told it to me ten years ago in Nyori Nyori, Tanganyika.

Buttonshaw was then District Commissioner, representing the Crown in a vast area inhabited mainly by half-naked savages and herds of wild elephant. The savages were, in his own phrase, "fine fellows". The elephants included some magnificent tuskers which the District Commissioner pursued relentlessly in his off-duty hours.

Not, mind you, out of any passion for ivory. No, it was sheer admiration for a noble species. They simply cried out to be assassinated. Not a tusk in the district was safe from this murderous affection of Buttonshaw's.

He was a tactful administrator, tempering the winds of change and civilization to his trouserless flock. But for none of his many good qualities — fluency in Swahili, fairness in court, insight into

primitive custom—for none of this was he so cherished by the tribesmen as for his handiness with an elephant-gun. *Bwana Ndovu* (Mister Elephant) was their name for him. They spoke it with respect, almost love. And that, too, they might have accorded him had he not been the man who collected their taxes.

It was during the season of the great rains, called *Masika*, that I visited him. Naturally he was at home. Even the most fanatical hunter knows better than to go out after game at that season. With the easy hospitality of Africa he insisted that I stay the night.

We dressed for dinner.

It was an elaborate exercise in *haste cuisine*, the sort of meal you don't expect to sit down to in a bachelor household.

For Buttonshaw was, of course, unmarried.

ried. No memsahib would have put up with the competition. A man whose thoughts are full of elephants has little room left in them for a woman. And it was Buttonshaw's opinion that nothing an elephant does can be done better by a memsahib.

He must have sensed my surprise at the *coq au vin*.

"My boy Joseph—best chef in the territory." His face softened. "Been with me for years. I look after him, that's the thing. Don't mind telling you—when I turn up my toes he'll find he hasn't been forgotten."

A gust of wind blew out one of the candles on the heavy teak dining-table. Thunder rumbled somewhere off in the night. The houseboy in white kanzu and bare feet padded round closing windows. Just in time. Rain began suddenly like a cataract on the corrugated iron roof.

We went into the living-room for coffee and brandy.

The house was full of the sound of rain.

The boy carried in a tray of coffee and glasses, then went to the hearth and lit the fire. It gets chilly up-country at night, especially during the rains. We sat with our brandy in the firelight, lightning flickering on the walls.

"Another thing about Joseph," my host said, "He's a damn good tracker. Helped me follow up some of my best bulls."

He pointed with his cigar at one of the doors. The room was riddled with doors. no architect had designed this house.

"That one, for example."

I looked, half-expecting to see the elephant.

"Just a souvenir," Buttonshaw explained. "I always like to have one of the feet mounted."

It was then that I noticed. The room was full of elephant's feet, like so many tree-stumps topped with polished brass.

"Very nice," I said. I meant it. I was accustomed to this eccentricity, having spent my childhood in Ireland in a house littered with bits of dead animals. I recalled in particular the hoof or trotter of a rhinoceros shot by Great-Uncle Herbert in India. I remembered that the brass plate with which it was capped had been marked with the place and date of execution. Overcome with nostalgia, I crossed the room to see whether Buttonshaw's trophies were inscribed in a like manner.

They were.

In the first one I came to, I made out dimly in the uncertain light the legend. *Iringa, 1940*" Buttonshaw lounged in his chair and reminisced happily.

"Funny thing about that one, I ate one of the other feet . . ."

"You ate it."

"Jolly good too. You dig a hole in the ground first, then light a fire in it. After




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a few hours you scrape out the fire and shove the whole foot in. Then you build a fire on top and leave it all night. In the morning it's done. The hide has hardened into a sort of dish and you scrape out the jelly inside with a knife. Jolly good."

"I see".

I went on to the next trophy. "*Loliondo, 1938.*" There was a story about this one too. This very foot, approximately the same in circumference as a large manhole-cover, had trampled an African game scout to death.

"Sticky business," said Buttonshaw, summing it up.

By now, what with the fire-light and the lightning and Mister Elephant's matter-of-fact voice, with its queer background music of rain on the roof, and the curious nature of its communications, I was in a sort of trance. I took a sip or two of brandy and went on with my exploration.

I read in succession "*Laitokitok, 1942.*" — "*Morogoro, 1945.*" — "*Kilimanjaro, 1947.*" and heard their stories.

I came to a foot smaller and neater than the others. It was in a corner filled with shadow, so that at first I could not read the inscription. As I bent down to examine it more closely I was conscious that my host was leaning forward in his chair. He seemed to be in a state of subdued excitement.

"Go on—read it, read it!" he burst out.

"Just a moment—I can't quite make it out . . ."

And then, in a flash of lightning that lit up the whole room, I saw it clearly.

You must understand that at first I could not believe what I had seen. It was so unexpected.

A stupendous clap of thunder gave emphasis to my shock.

In his chair by the fire Mister Elephant was nodding and smiling.

"The best of the lot, eh?" And with a certain reverence in his voice, like a man repeating a phrase from the litany, he recited. "*Oxford, 1939.*"

So far as he had been able to discover, after fairly diligent research into the question, Buttonshaw was the only man ever to have shot an elephant in Oxford.

"And I'm not even a member of the university," he said irrelevantly. "I'm a Cantab myself."

It appeared that the Oxford elephant, though of the Indian species and therefore on the small side, had presented *Bwana Ndovu* with one of the most difficult shots of his career. According to his position in relation to the elephant, the hunter can choose either the brain shot or the heart shot, whichever he prefers. Both are lethal and there is something to be said for each. Now in this case—

But let me begin at the beginning.

On one of his home leaves Buttonshaw was dining at the high table of P\*\*\* College,

Oxford, as the guest of his father, then a Fellow.

It is a belief fairly commonly held that Oxford dons are all splendid conversationalists, especially when lubricated with old wine and set down together at the high table. It may be so at some colleges and perhaps even at most. All I can say is, it was not true of P\*\*\* College. The Fellows had said all they had to say to each other years before and now confined themselves to comments on the weather and requests to pass the pepper or the jam or the HP sauce or whatever it is that dons put on their steak-and-kidney pie.

Apart from these laconic exchanges, dinner went by in a gloomy silence broken only by the clicking of ill-fitting dentures. It was to fill this silence that Buttonshaw, then a comparatively inexperienced hunter, began to chatter about elephants and how to slaughter them. There was nothing to it, he told them. All you had to do was chalk a cross on the elephant's flank and then stand back and shoot at it.

It was unsporting to shoot them sitting, but, as they seldom sat, the problem hardly arose. Etc., etc.

He kept the dons open-mouthed with nonsense of this sort.

"And do you mean to tell me," the Master solemnly enquired, "that you yourself have actually participated in this perilous sport?"

"Frequently," said Buttonshaw, draining his glass. "All the time."

His father was immensely proud of him.

Later, while the port and madeira went round in the common room, Buttonshaw held forth on the merits of a high-velocity, small bore rifle as compared with those of a heavy-calibre express. The former, he told the listening dons, was of superior penetrating power; but, according to the soundest authorities, what was needed was the ability to cause deep shock.

"I'm a big-bore man myself," Buttonshaw concluded. He took a pinch of snuff.

A day or two later Buttonshaw was summoned to the telephone, sole modern convenience in his father's rooms. He was in half a mind to ignore it, pretend he was not at home: it might be the Crown Agents for the Colonies with some officious intrusion on his leave.

It was not the Crown Agents.

"Is that Buttonshaw of West Africa?"

Tanganyika is in the East, not West Africa, but Buttonshaw liked the honorific sound of this mode of address: Kitchenier of Khartoum, Saunders of the River, Buttonshaw of Africa.

"Speaking."

"Buttonshaw the Elephant Hunter?"

"Well, er . . . look here, who's speaking?"



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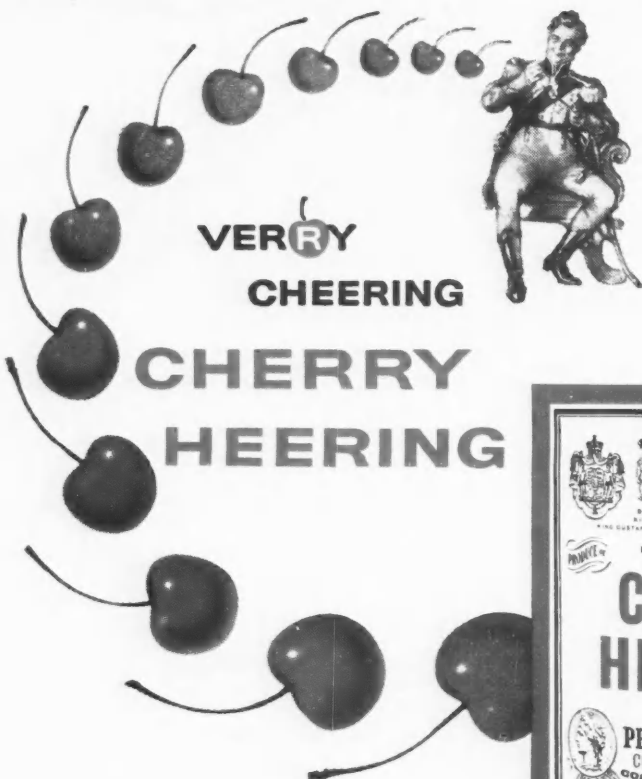
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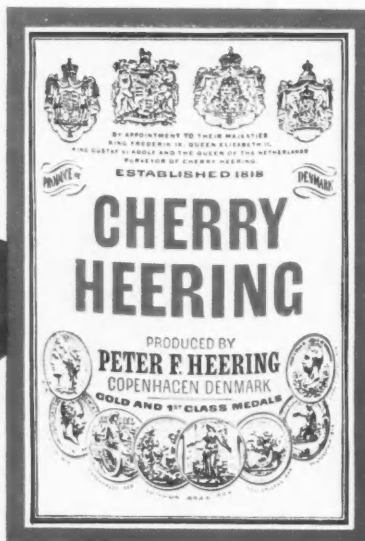


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"Stark of the Zoological Gardens. This is important. You are the elephant hunter I hope?"

Buttonsaw of Africa confessed to Stark of the Zoo that he had some small experience in that line.

"My dear sir, you're too modest. Your exploits are the talk of Oxford."

"Oh, I don't know."

It appeared that the Indian elephant at the zoo was mortally sick and in pain. The humane thing was to destroy her. Unfortunately, as Stark pointed out, one can't simply shove an elephant into the back of a station-wagon and drop it off at the vet's. No, the sensible thing was to call in an expert. It was the greatest good fortune that Buttonsaw happened to be in Oxford.

"But I haven't got a rifle with me!"

"We thought of that." Stark of the Zoo sounded pleased. "And I fancy—though I do say it myself—we solved the problem rather nicely."

"Indeed?"

"Quite nicely, I think. We were informed that you were . . . ah, a large bore . . .?"

"A what?"

"A devotee of the large-bore elephant-gun?"

"Yes, I see."

"And a museum acquaintance was fortunate enough to procure a weapon which undoubtedly belongs in that category. With ammunition."

And so it came about that *Bwana Ndovu* found himself outside the elephant house at the Oxford zoo, armed with what appeared to be a hand howitzer—perhaps the only double-barreled 700 express in existence.

The elephant was lying with her back to the entrance, her feet to the wall: the most difficult position of all (*Bwana Ndovu* assured me) for either the heart or the brain shots. I am ashamed to admit it, but I have forgotten how Buttonsaw solved this problem. What I do remember is his complaint that the recoil of that 700 express knocked him flat on his back and broke his wrist watch.

I was back in Nyori Nyori by firelight in a room full of dead feet.

The rain had stopped.

I looked narrowly at Buttonsaw but could detect in his face no sign of amusement. The story he had told me in such detail was that of the greatest triumph of his life. Under conditions of the greatest technical difficulty, he had killed an elephant where no elephants were.

And no doubt his diary for that day contained some such entry as: "Elephant cow shot at Oxford Zoo. One round Tricky approach."

Buttonsaw poured us another brandy.

"But it was not the same somehow . . . not without old Joseph."

# Christmas Competitions

THE CROSSWORD, Puzzler and Chess problems overleaf are all competitions. The closing date for all entries is midnight, January 8 and the senders of the first correct solution of each to be opened January 16 will receive the prizes mentioned below. Results will be announced in the February 4th issue. All entries to be addressed to SATURDAY NIGHT, 73 Richmond Street West, Toronto 1.

**Puzzler:** A copy of Oystein Ore's *Number Theory and its History* will be given for the first correct solution; second and third prizes will be *Figures* by "Puzzler" contributor, J. A. H. Hunter. It is stressed that full and detailed theoretical solutions are needed, as opposed to mere "answers". Envelopes should be clearly marked *Puzzler Competition*.

**Crossword:** A copy of the *Shorter Oxford Dictionary* will be given to the first correct solution opened. All entries should be legibly filled in with ink and marked on the envelope *Crossword Competition*. A separate sheet of paper with the entrant's name and address must be clipped to the completed crossword.

**Chess:** For the first correct solution opened a book chosen from a list supplied by D. M. LeDain will be given. Mark the envelope *Chess Competition* clearly in the top left hand corner.

**Literary Competition:** Medieval monks were fluent in both Latin and English. Often they put their linguistic talents into verse which mingled both Latin and English, rhyming the two languages indiscriminately. The best known of these verses is the carol —

*In dulci jubilo  
Now sing with hearts aglow!  
Our delight and pleasure  
Lies in Praeseptio.  
Like sunshine is our treasure  
Matris in gremio  
Alpha es et o.*

Books to the value of \$10.00 will be given to the person who writes a modern carol using the French and English languages in the same way.



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## Chess

by D. M. LeDain

ON OCCASION "ties" have been welcomed by hard-pressed world champions.

White: D. Janowski, Black: J. R. Capablanca (New York, 1924)

1.P-Q4, P-Q4; 2.Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; 3.P-B4, P-K3; 4.Kt-B3, B-K2; 5.B-Kt5; Castles; 6.P-K3, QKt-Q2; 7.R-B1, P-B3; 8.B-Q3, Px P; 9.BxP, Kt-Q4; 10.P-KR4!, P-B3; 11.B-B4, KtxB; 12.PxKt, Kt-Kt3; 13.B-Kt3, Kt-Q4; 14.P-Kt3; Q-K1; 15.Q-Q3, Q-R4; 16.B-Q1, B-Kt5; 17.Castles, BxKt; 18.PxB, KtxKBP!; 19.PxKt, Q-Kt5ch; 20.K-R1 (if K-R2, QxBPch and QxR), Q-R6ch etc. draws.

White: A. Selesniew, Black: A. A. Alekhine (Moscow, 1908)

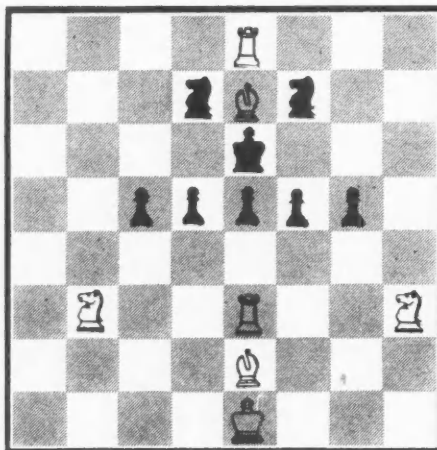
1.P-K4, P-K4; 2.Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3.B-Kt5, Kt-Q5; 4.KtxKt; PxKt; 5.P-Q3, Kt-K2; 6.P-QB3, P-QB3; 7.B-QB4, P-Q4; 8.KPxP, KtxP; 9.Castles, B-QB4; 10.Q-R5, Castles; 11.Kt-Q2, P-KKt3; 12.Q-B3, PxP; 13.PxP, KtxP; 14.Kt-Kt3, B-Q5!; 15.KtxB, QxKt; 16.B-Kt2! (if B-KR6, B-

Kt5!), P-QKt4! 17.BxP, PxB; 18.BxKt (if QxR, Kt-K7ch and QxB), Q-Kt3! 19.B-Q4!, B-Kt2!; 20.BxQ, BxQ. Drawn.

**Solution of Problem No. 259** (Bettmann), Key, 1.Q-K3.

**Problem No. 260**, by R. L'Hermet ("O Tannenbaum!")

White mates in two moves. (7 + 8)



## Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

BOB GLANCED at the photo. "That's my fairy godmother," he said. "You know, she left me all that money."

"Some kids are lucky." Ted laughed. "Quite a lot, wasn't it?"

"Just a dollar under ten thousand. The old lady didn't trust banks, so every year she marked my birthday by putting a wad of bills into an old cash box with my name on it."

Ted replaced the photo. "Was she really your godmother?" he asked.

"Sure." Bob chuckled. "Eccentric, but a dear as I remember her. When I was born she started the box with the product of my parents' ages in full years in dollars, and every year after that she did the same."

"Put in the new product each year," commented his friend. "No wonder you bless her."

"No wonder", indeed! But how old must Bob's parents have been when he was born? (142)

## Seasoned to Your Taste?

by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

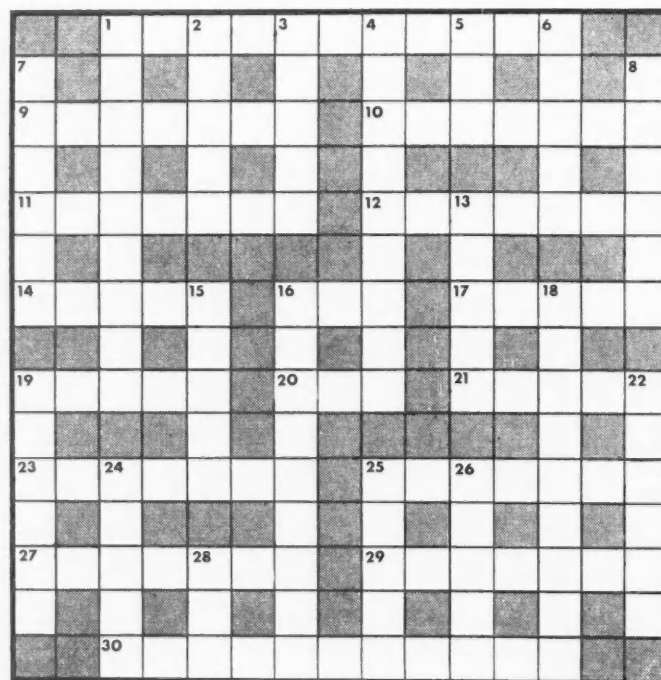
### ACROSS

- 1, 30. And the same to you. (11, 2, 3, 6)
- 9 They gobble, we gobble. (7)
- 10 Charwoman not stout in the middle. (7)
- 11 Ill-treats a girl who takes service to heart. (7)
- 12 Finding it in this state, a mother got after a laboratory. (7)
- 14 See 1D.
- 16 Did the athlete get the urge to, in the middle of his kiss? (3)
- 17 What you can't do after "the Moving Finger writes". (5)
- 19 Sounds like the actors of the "Untouchables" are products of this system. (5)
- 20 Behead a fish or a singer. Their remains look the same. (3)
- 21 They certainly don't sound like communist ceremonies. (5)
- 23 But one doesn't often hear one in recital these days. (7)
- 25 See 1D.
- 27 Is this lake a C.N.E. lure? Not likely! (7)
- 29 Such greed to finish with Chinese food! (7)
- 30 See 1A.

### DOWN

- 1, 14, 25A, 13. "At Christmas play and make good cheer, For . . . . .". (9, 5, 3, 4, 1, 4)
- 2 And greets, no doubt. (5)
- 3 One leans toward using them at the present time. (5)
- 4 Snakes that go on two feet? (9)
- 5 Born in time of need. (3)
- 6 He 14, 25A, 13. (5)
- 7 A cat starts getting new energy. (6)
- 8 A fat lot of good this will be to one who's cooked his goose. (6)
- 13 See 1D.
- 15 Similar condition of money and mummy after 1D. (5)
16. Even a gentle wind from the south east will disturb the mariner's calm. (3-6)
- 18 At ten, it goes back on order. (9)
- 19 Waits for them at 1D in England. (6)
- 22 Sis comes around the night before 1D. What a strain! (6)
- 24 Bean's two small accounts were built up on nothing. (5)
- 25 This gay fellow is quite a cut-up at Christmas dinner. (5)
- 26 See 28.
- 28, 26. Star part for Pied Pipers? (3-5)

See Preceding Page for Competition Rules and Prizes



### Solution to last puzzle

- |                     |   |                    |
|---------------------|---|--------------------|
| ACROSS              | 21 Even                                 | 4 Treadles         |
| 1 See 2             | 23 Revision                             | 5 Bosom companions |
| 5 Bedtime           | 24 See 13                               | 6 Deploy           |
| 9 Steamers          | 27 Milton                               | 7 Impulsive        |
| 10 Pupils           | 28 Overture                             | 8 Eglantine        |
| 11 Rented           | 29 Success                              | 14 Academies       |
| 12 Moorland         | 30 Scenic                               | 15 Realistic       |
| 13, 24. Fair enough |   | 18 Treeless        |
| 16 Eton             | DOWN                                    | 22 Winnie          |
| 17 Mimic            | 2, 20, 25, 1. On the spur of the moment | 25 See 2           |
| 19 Madam            | 3 Exact                                 | 26 Gorki (509)     |
| 20 See 2            |   |                    |

# The Merchant of Menace

Comment by William Shakespeare

## Daytime Serials

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

(*Julius Caesar. Act III.*)

One woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow.

(*Hamlet. Act IV.*)

We will draw the curtain and show you the picture:

(*Twelfth-Night. Act I.*)

Here comes the lady,

(*Romeo and Juliet. Act II.*)

A poor lone woman,

(*King Henry IV. Act II.*)

Neither maid, widow nor wife.

(*Measure for Measure. Act V.*)

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity;

(*The Comedy of Errors. Act II.*)

Great with child, and longing for stewed prunes,

(*Measure for Measure. Act II.*)

Done to death by slanderous tongues!

(*Much Ado about Nothing. Act V.*)

A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder!

(*King Henry IV. Act II.*)

Fetch me the handkerchief,

(*Othello. Act III.*)

I will follow thee to the last gasp,

(*As You Like It. Act II.*)

To-morrow and to-morrow, and to-morrow!

(*Macbeth. Act V.*)

## Khrushchev on TV

What manner of man?

(*Twelfth-Night. Act I.*)

He was a man of an unbounded stomach,

(*King Henry VIII. Act IV.*)

Framed in the prodigality of nature.

(*King Richard III. Act I.*)

A very valiant trencher-man,

(*Much Ado About Nothing. Act I.*)

Whose words all ears took captive.

(*All's Well That Ends Well. Act V.*)

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,

(*King Henry V. Act I.*)

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument!

(*Love's Labour's Lost. Act V.*)

Hob, nob, is his word: give't or take't.

(*Twelfth-Night. Act III.*)

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

(*King Henry IV. Act II.*)

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

(*King Henry V. Act III.*)

I would applaud thee to the very echo;

(*Macbeth. Act V.*)

Yet I do fear thy nature; it is too full o' the milk of human kindness.

(*Macbeth. Act I.*)

What a case I am in!

(*As You Like It. Act V. Epilogue.*)

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue and so good a continuer!

(*Much Ado About Nothing. Act I.*)

## Off-Season Re-Runs

This is very midsummer madness!

(*Twelfth-Night. Act III.*)

A deal of skimble skamble stuff,

(*King Henry IV. Part I. Act III.*)

Blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

(*Sonnet 50.*)

It goes much against my stomach.

(*As You Like It. Act III.*)

Who risest from a feast with that keen appetite that he sits down?

(*The Merchant of Venice. Act II.*)

## Commercials

Words, words, words,

(*Hamlet. Act III.*)

Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,

(*King John. Act II.*)

Mocking the air with colours idly spread,

(*King John. Act V.*)

Splitting the air with noise.

(*Coriolanus. Act V.*)

Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

(*Much Ado about Nothing. Act II.*)

Bid them wash their faces, and keep their teeth clean,

(*Coriolanus. Act II.*)

Toes unplug'd with corns.

(*Romeo and Juliet. Act I.*)

O brave new world that has such people in't,

(*The Tempest. Act V.*)

Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

(*Twelfth-Night. Act II.*)

You tread upon my patience,

(*King Henry IV. Part I. Act I.*)

A thousand times goodnight!

(*Romeo and Juliet. Act II.*)

## Good Guy: Bad Guy

O, woe is me to have seen what I have seen, see what I see,

(*Hamlet. Act III.*)

To hear the wooden dialogue,

(*Troilus and Cressida. Act I.*)

Ye gods, it doth amaze me!

(*Julius Caesar. Act I.*)

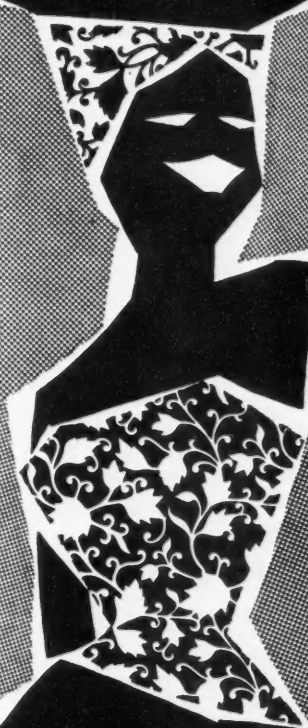
Let me take you a button-hole lower:

(*Love's Labour's Lost. Act V.*)

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sends us

Tia  
Maria

a most versatile  
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spirit of adventure. Mix  
it in cocktails, splash  
it in long drinks or  
flavour soufflés or  
ice cream. Alone, its  
fragrance of rich  
coffee charms your  
senses. Linger over  
a Tia Maria soon.



# LAINING

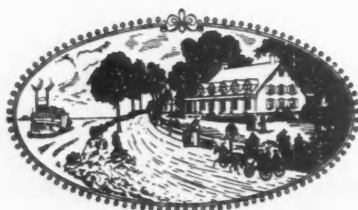
- \* OLD MASTER PAINTINGS
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lack of research facilities. Nonsense! For that rare but important bill (each MP might be confined to one every four years) the facilities of the Parliamentary Library are available. The most popular piece of print in that institution, however, is probably the *Australian Post* which specializes in double-spreads of bosomy starlets.

It is a pity that private Members' bills do not get as much attention as these bosoms. The bills often aim at serious points and unlike the resolutions mentioned earlier they do not commit the cardinal sin of affecting the balanced budget. Many of them are highly desirable:

- Hazen Argue's (CCF) *Act to amend the Interest Act* would set a ceiling on interest at 12% per annum. We may argue about the exact figure but some ceiling should be set.

- Argue's *Act to amend the Small Loans Act (Advertising)* would require money-lenders to spell-out the interest on loans.

- Broome's *Act to provide for a Canadian Preference in Government Construction, Purchase and Service Contracts* would extend present practice to Crown corporations and to commodities such as oil. "Canadian" companies would have at least 20% of their securities held by Canadians.

Bills like these deserve consideration by the House. Unfortunately, only ten in a hundred will ever be even summarily debated and only one such has a chance of adoption or acknowledged incorporation in the Government's program. When Governments wholly or partially take up the bill of a supporter (e.g. the Throne Speech reference to capital punishment, an issue raised last Session by Frank McGee) they are willing to acknowledge authorship. Rarer are the cases when a Government admits opposition inspiration.

The whole sorry business was, ironically, highlighted last month by the Prime Minister when he said:

"Many of the cynics say it is an impossibility for private Members to make a contribution in Parliament. This is not what I have found. They have influence and I need only point to one item as indicative of the contribution private members can make. There is a statement in the Speech from the Throne which states simply that you will be asked to consider a means of encouraging the youth of Canada in amateur athletics. This is indicative of what has been done by three honorable members . . . These three members pressed on Parliament, and

through Parliament to the people, the need for something to be done in this regard."

There can be no quarrel with Mr. Diefenbaker's concern for the health of Canada's youth—though we doubt if the measure will counteract Canada's preoccupation with armchair sport. But is this the kind of subject on which the private MP can hope to have influence? Better acknowledge the impotence of the private Member than make such claims for him.

A number of suggestions have been put forward to help make his lot a more rewarding one. Some, such as Eldon's, have been partially implemented—the Liberal caucus now has two economists to co-ordinate and advise private Members' research. Other action, such as the creation of more Committee jobs, has perhaps been over-implemented and it remains to be seen how effectively.

Many ideas have yet to be tried. They may be small but they might add up to something. An example would be John Kersell's recent suggestion that delegated legislation be scrutinized by the Senate (except for "Questions" in the House). Such suggestions would relieve the House of some work.

Much time is now taken up in laudatory or critical speeches dealing with highly technical matters. It is tempting to suggest these matters might well be discussed by a second chamber specifically designed to deal with technical problems. Unfortunately, for reasons outlined in the Ottawa Letter [SN Dec. 10], the Senate is not now the place for such discussions.

Perhaps the biggest problem is that too many items are considered Government business and therefore worthy of attention; all others being considered either Opposition tactics or private Members' publicity (which is true in both cases most of the time). It is unfortunate that so many worthy topics have to be dealt with on a partisan basis. On many issues our Canadian parties really differ little—which is as it should be if the state is to hold together.

The private MP might receive more attention, and play a more worthwhile role, if a greater number of topics—those not unduly affecting the Budget—were left to less partisan treatment. It is hard to see why every topic should be dealt with in the context of party discipline.

If the *Globe and Mail* can at the same time support recognition of Red China (a "left" opinion) and the rights of provinces with respect to taxation (a "right" opinion) without coming down with schizophrenia, why cannot the poor private MP? Does the Government have to stand or fall on every minor matter?



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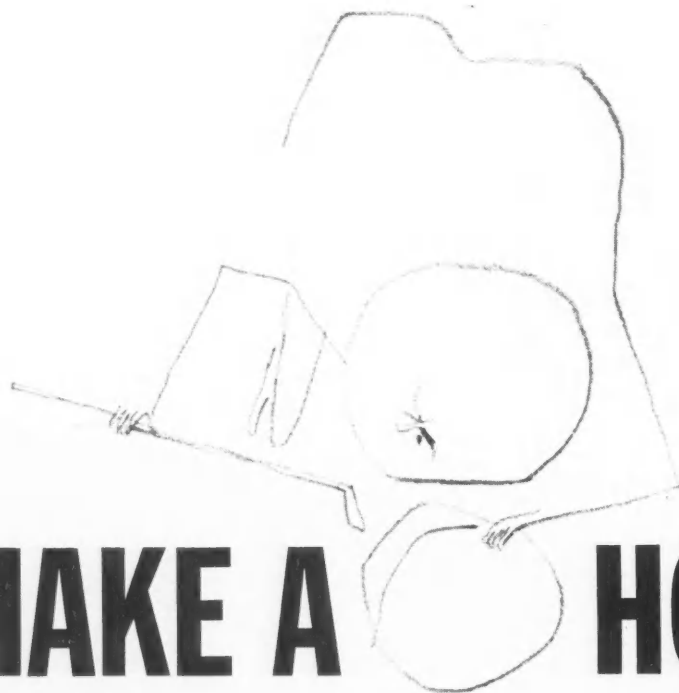
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## MAGAZINES *MOVE* MERCHANDISE

## Books

by R. T. C. Whatmore



*Baruch: To the inner councils.*

## Advice from a Park Bench

New. He was offered the Treasuryship in the last year of the Wilson administration, but he refused it in deference to his wife's plea.

The twenties, with the Republicans firmly in the saddle and the New Economics the accepted fallacy of the day, find Baruch less directly connected with the government. He therefore switched his attention to the plight of the farmers, giving his full support to McNary-Haugenism. As a "speculator" rather than a "gambler" (a nice distinction) he claims to have realized the fundamental unsoundness of the boom and to have started liquidating his own holdings in 1928. It is therefore hardly surprising to find no mention of an article he wrote in the *American Magazine* as late as March 1929 proclaiming the business cycle to be a thing of the past.

Baruch resumed his role of unofficial adviser under Roosevelt, wisely refusing to administer the ill-fated AAA, but as the New Deal moved steadily away from what he regarded as fiscal orthodoxy, events abroad claimed his attention. As Churchill sounded the storm warnings in England, so Baruch did in America and both were disregarded. When the storm did eventually break, he undertook several valuable investigations into various industrial problems and acted as father-confessor to almost the whole War Production Board.

At one stage he was actually offered the chairmanship but Roosevelt, as he was so prone, retracted the offer at the last minute. Baruch's last official appointment was in 1946 as American Representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission which entailed months of fruitless debate, and in 1948 a tiff with Truman ended his career as unofficial adviser.

Interspersed in this indisputable core of fact which is on the whole well and clearly set down, are other more questionable elements. Baruch's opinions on the prominent men of the period are generally charitable and rather trite but

he comes down unequivocally against Henry Cabot Lodge and his opposition to the Versailles Treaty and he dismisses Keynes and all his work in a contemptuous flourish with which few would agree. Inevitably there is advice from the park bench, some of which is unexceptionable, whilst some is, to say the least, out of fashion at the moment — particularly his economic theories. There is an interesting claim that he suggested the 1948 special session of Congress to President Truman and lastly there are one or two minor errors which are no doubt attributable to the author's age.

The question which this book leaves largely unanswered is how Baruch exhibited such durability as a presidential adviser and in the process acquired such an enormous reputation as the omniscient elder statesman of the Democratic party. The heads of presidential advisers roll with ominous regularity—a touch of arrogance and Colonel House was dismissed, the injudicious acceptance of a gift and Sherman Adams was forced to resign — and yet Baruch retained his high place in the councils of the Democratic party for thirty years.

Baruch drew his power from two sources. Firstly, having been a distinguished member of Wilson's administration; this in itself entitled him to respect and, instead of returning to business when the Republicans came to power, he added to his reputation by espousing the cause of the farmers and by a wealth of pragmatic advice on most problems of the day, poured out in a series of magazine articles, memoranda and radio talks. The quality of this advice was variable, but, thanks to the very skilful handling of his public relations by Herbert Bayard Swope, the errors were quickly forgotten until Baruch acquired a reputation for almost infallible wisdom.

Secondly, during the twenties, he and John J. Raskob were the two men who saved the Democratic party from bankruptcy. Raskob attempted to exact repayment by imposing his own views

BERNARD BARUCH, in the preface to the second volume of his autobiography, remarks that had he realized it would take three years to complete, he might never have attempted it. We should be grateful that anyone in his ninetieth year didn't take the latest literary short cut which is to dictate hours of reminiscence into a tape recorder, hire a journalist to cut it into paragraphs and then publish it under a title like *The Best of Barney Baruch*.

To judge from the first volume, which was a fragmentary account of life on Wall Street stuffed with Dale Carnegie-esque homilies on American life, this might well have happened. Instead Baruch has given us a much more painstaking and thorough account of the second half of his life, probably because this period is nearer in time and obviously because he found it more satisfying.

It is greatly to Baruch's credit that he came into public life at a time when "it was not common for business or professional men to leave their careers for government service. The prevailing doctrine of laissez-faire did not encourage either a high opinion of government service or a sense of social responsibility." It was also a very courageous act of President Wilson's to make this self-confessed ex-speculator chairman of the War Industries Board in 1917. This was Baruch's outstanding service to his country and a job which he did extraordinarily well. The systems which he developed were extensively drawn on during the Second World War, although the results were not nearly so good.

He attended the peace conferences at Versailles where Wilsonian idealism was crushed between the baser emotions of the Old World and the isolationism of the



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on the party platform and failed. Baruch, however, preferred to accept repayment in the form of access to the party's inner councils. This was not only a small price to pay for his money, but also a privilege which might well have been extended to him on the strength of his reputation alone, especially as Roosevelt liked to have a plethora of advice from which he could synthesize a course of action. Just how much Baruch's advice influenced the events and decisions of his time it is difficult to know but this book provides an interesting chronicle of his successes in public life and some of his failures.

**Baruch: The Public Years**, by Bernard M. Baruch — John C. Winston — \$6.95.

## Sparks and Flames

A FEW YEARS ago William Kilbourn gave us an instructive biography of William Lyon Mackenzie which he appropriately titled, *The Firebrand*. Now Margaret Fairley presents us with a collection of Mackenzie's writings, and it is a worthy companion to Kilbourn's book.

The editor states in her Preface, "This selection . . . covers the period from the first number of his paper, the *Colonial Advocate*, on 18 May 1824, to the outbreak of the Rebellion in December 1837." Much of the material in the book has not been reprinted until now. But it is not to be dismissed as merely another collection of Canadian historical documents of interest only to scholars: anyone with an interest in Canadian history of that period will find genuine delight in reading this book.

William Lyon Mackenzie was a passionate political reformer, but his passion was ballasted with common sense, wide reading, and a deep respect for facts. He had a vigorous journalistic style, and a few of his pieces, perhaps, will have to be included in anthologies of Canadian literature.

Perhaps one of our graduate students will find it profitable to compare this book, in terms of passion and style, with the recently-published *The Mackenzie King Record*, edited by J. W. Pickersgill: I suspect that that student will discover W. L. M. bests his more illustrious grandson, W. L. M. K.

This book is published by the Toronto branch of the Oxford University Press, but the printing, even of the dustcover, was done in Britain: there is something ironical about this when one considers the efforts made by Mackenzie to establish a strong printing industry in Canada.

J.A.D.

**The Selected Writings of William Lyon Mackenzie: 1824-1837**, edited by Margaret Fairley—Oxford University Press—\$6.50.

## Unfaithful Loyalist

WHILE HISTORIANS have minutely recorded every move of the rebel army and the birth pangs of the infant republic, the unfortunate loyalists in the American revolution have been allowed to drop from sight with hardly a solicitous enquiry. As it has in every similar case during the last two hundred years, the British government awarded some of them belated and inadequate compensation and left them to repent at leisure for choosing or being forced to choose, like Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, the wrong side.

As Thomas Raddall's *The Governor's Lady* opens, Governor John Wentworth is being installed in 1767, to all outward appearances the ideal choice for governor. He is popular with everyone, has acquired friends at court, knows and loves the backwoods of New Hampshire and is passionately interested in its development.

But not even this energetic and popular governor could quench the fires of nationalism when they are so frequently fed by stupidity in Whitehall. In time he is forced to flee to Boston and then London where he finds his wife already receiving the attention of a number of admirers. So begin the years of adversity, exiled from his homeland, at first with nothing to do and then with a minor job in Nova Scotia while his wife frets at their straitened circumstances and continues to receive the admirers. In the end it is the help of one of these admirers which brings the book to a happier ending.

The historical novel, as written by most of its exponents, is an attempt to write a plausible and complete biography of a major historical figure by recreating the spirit of the age in which he lived. Raddall has in this novel attempted something altogether different. He has taken a minor figure and fashioned a novel out of his personal life, the details of which are presumably pretty obscure. It lacks interest as history because the characters he has chosen are fundamentally uninteresting and as a novel it is just too slow moving, due to the need to stick to the known facts of his characters' lives.

Having said that, one must add that it is well and solidly written: the historical background is accurately reconstructed and the flavor of the period whether in New England, Nova Scotia or London is convincingly recaptured. This book was awarded the Doubleday \$10,000 Canadian prize-novel award and no doubt many will read it for its socio-historical background alone, but I hope that next time Raddall will find a more worthy subject for his considerable talents.

R.T.C.W.

**The Governor's Lady**, by Thomas H. Raddall—Doubleday—\$4.95.

# Theatre

by Arnold Edinborough

## Pre-Christmas Broadway

A WEEK OF Broadway theatre-going is still an exhilarating experience, even though the costs are high and Broadway—apart from its theatres—is one big tawdry clip-joint from below 42nd Street to 52nd Street and beyond. The garishness of this latter strip may be ignored, but if you are going to do some theatre-going in New York over the holiday or early in the New Year, remember that dinner and tickets for two will range from \$25.00 to \$40.00 for the evening.

The exhilaration of Broadway is its variety. There is sumptuous opera at the Met, serious drama at a number of theatres, four or five good musicals and some experimental theatre. Here is a diary of one couple's theatre-going for one week just before Christmas.

### Friday Evening: A Thurber Carnival (Anta Theatre)

After Mark Twain, I rate Thurber as America's greatest humorist, and a chance to see him in person in the middle of a show drawn directly from his works was too good an opportunity to miss. Expertly extracted and produced by Burgess Meredith, *A Thurber Carnival* was a delight from beginning to end, mainly because the actors knew that they were dealing with material which in itself was brilliant, and they did not, therefore, try to put it across by extraneous means. In fact, the whole show was started by Peter Hobbs sitting casually on the front of the stage just reciting "The Night The Bed Fell." The highlights for me were "Three Modern Fables," "If Grant Had Been Drinking At Appomattox," and "Mr. Preble Gets Rid Of His Wife."

Paul Ford, better known to Canadians as Sgt. Bilko's long-suffering colonel, was the perfect *alter ego* for Thurber, but the part of Thurber in "File And Forget" was taken, as *The New Yorker* said, "by golly, by himself". A lively evening, wittier than most, but now unfortunately off with the whole production slated to go to London's West End early in the New Year.

### Saturday Afternoon: Aida (Metropolitan Opera House)

Of all Italian operas, Verdi's are the lushest, most musical and most gorgeous. Of all the opera houses in the world, the Met now has the best singers, the best orchestra and the most lavish staging. The

result was an *Aida* which exalted the spirit and would move even a hardened burlesque fancier (He would have enjoyed the ballet on his own level, at that).

*Aida* is sung strongly and affectingly by Leonie Rysanek, but in the beginning of the tomb scene, even she was outsung by Giulietta Simionato as Amneris. Ramfis, the priest, was sung by Cesare Siepi and Radames, less effectively though still at a high level, by Eugenio Fernandi.

The entry of the prisoners in Act II must have seen at least 200 people on stage, and yet, in that vast area, they did not seem crowded.

Even at \$10 or more per ticket, the Met is still the best entertainment, dollar for dollar, available in New York.

### Saturday Evening: Becket (St. James Theatre)

*Becket* is a re-working by Jean Anouilh of the same material that T. S. Eliot used for *Murder In The Cathedral*. It is full of perceptive writing, and the insight into human motive makes it as modern as anything written about junkies or hipsters. The difference between plays written about the latter and Anouilh's *Becket* is that *Becket* has a form, a theme and a wonderful sense of humor. With Sir Laurence Olivier as Becket and Anthony Quinn as Henry II, the drama scarcely needed the lavish production which Motley, who did the costumes, and Oliver Smith, who did the sets, gave it.

The women were terrible, and Marie Powers as the Queen Mother seemed to have wandered in from some old vaudeville house. The rest of the cast, however, effectively smothered these faults and left the evening as a memorable one, so much so that one is keen to get hold of the text of the play to savor the wit at greater leisure.

### Sunday Evening: The Hostage (Ethel Barrymore Theatre)

This being a special performance for the Actors' Fund, the audience was full of performers from other shows watching their colleagues working. This would account for the extravagantly warm welcome given to Brendan Behan's bawdy and shapeless farce.

There is no denying the fun of *The Hostage* nor the outrageous method by which Behan makes his characters wild caricatures who have to sing, dance and

tell dirty jokes as well as create some semblance of human reality. But to link his play together, Behan uses a stickily sentimental theme to show the excesses which the continuing English occupation of Ireland leads to. Behan acts on the assumption that we shall find his dirty mind a feast and sets a rich meal of muck in front of us. It is, however, funny, and Joan Littlewood, who directed it, shows real genius in getting the right effect.

One is still left wondering, though, just why Behan, who is a first-rate entertainer (he himself appeared suddenly in the middle of the play, to the surprise of the actors, and at the curtain call danced a jig, sang two songs and told a somewhat astonishing story) is coming to be regarded in the same terms as, say, Peter Ustinov or Anouilh. My own impression is that he is a very lively flash in a somewhat grimy Irish pan.

### Monday Night: The Unsinkable Molly Brown (Winter Garden Theatre)

Yet another musical dramatization of the rags to riches theme so dear to American musicals (compare *My Fair Lady*). *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* is Meredith (The Music Man) Willson's new offering. The score is loud and brassy, the choreography is obvious and some of the minor parts only moderately well sung. But with the irrepressible Tammy Grimes as the Unsinkable Molly Brown, I predict that this will be a very long-run musical indeed. There is corn, there is comedy and there is sentiment. There are lovely sets and a wonderful theatrical trick showing Molly rowing a boat with the *Titanic* sinking in the distance, and there is the character of Tammy Grimes — loud, bumptious, truly overwhelming. A musical in the strong Broadway post-war tradition, with singable tunes and lots of sentiment.

### Tuesday Evening: Greenwich Village U.S.A. (1 Sheridan Square)

A sprightly little revue down in a Greenwich Village basement with two or three people who are likely to go far in the theatre. One is Dawn Hampton, a young negro singer, who can belt out a blues in great style. Another is Jane A. Johnston who has the same irrepressible quality as Tammy Grimes and imitated a HiFi set, including a tape recorder, in a way which had the whole audience tuned in to all her megacycles. Another is Pat Finley who has all the sweetness and much of the vocal light of Julie Andrews.

The sketches were sharp, the blackouts quick, but the real triumph of *Greenwich Village U.S.A.* was the music by Jeanne Barge and the orchestrations of Bill Costa. This is what sets it apart from so many revues I have seen in Canada in the past two or three years. Here was musical wit, as well as verbal; that is not easy to find.

A hectic week, but most satisfying!

# Will New Financing Boost Our Exports?

by R. M. Baiden

WHEN TRADE MINISTER Hees promised Canadian industry "new and fully adequate export facilities" late last month, he gave substance to manufacturers' hopes that they, at long last, could become fully competitive in capital goods exports. For although Canada can boast that it is the world's fourth-largest trading nation it has — until now — unlike any other major trading nation, never devised facilities to handle long-term financing of capital exports.

A few examples show what this lack has cost Canadian industry:

- In October, 1957, Canadian business lost a \$50,000,000 order for new merchant ships for Brazil;

- In June, 1956, Canada lost a \$35,000,000 order for diesel electric locomotives for India;

- In September, 1957, Canadian steel mills lost a \$35,000,000 order for steel pipe for Mexico.

Indeed, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association calculates that Canadian industry lost more than \$200,000,000 in capital goods export business between June, 1956 and February, 1958 because this country could not provide long-term credits. (Interestingly, Canadian industry exported, against international competition, capital equipment valued at more than \$120,000,000 from 1946 through 1958 under the relatively limited aegis of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.)

To put this into perspective, it should be remembered that Canada's total merchandise exports this year have ranged between \$420,000,000 and \$485,000,000 a month. Similarly, during the last 12 months the Exports Credits Insurance Corp., a Crown company, has insured exports valued at \$100,000,000 of which about 75 per cent were consumer goods.

This discrepancy in the proportion of consumer goods insured to capital goods insured points up what has been a basic weakness in our export financing structure. Generally, consumer goods exporters have little problem with financing since the chartered banks have been willing to extend short-term credit (up to 180 days) which, in turn, is often backed by exports insurance through ECIC. But in the case of capital goods where credit terms of two to five years — or sometimes longer — are needed, the banks have been unwilling to extend credit. Furthermore, ECIC has been unable to extend insurance for more than five years.

Along with the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the Canadian Exporters Association has long pressed for more financing in the medium and long term fields.

Last month, for example, the Exporters urged upon Hees "the creation of a banking facility within the framework of the government, to enable Canadian exporters (particularly of capital goods) to quote terms of payment equivalent to those commonly offered abroad."

The objective of the Exporters' Association was the encouragement of sales abroad of the widest possible range of Canadian capital goods. The Exporters said that this would stimulate our economy, boost employment, and at the same time provide an early edge into the expanding economies of the new countries of Africa and Asia.

Generally speaking, the Exporters' Association was pleading for something along the lines of the Export-Import Bank in Washington. To this end they urged six considerations:

- That this banking facility purchase the notes of foreign buyers without re-

course on the Canadian exporter, the length of term of such notes, and the rate of discount, if any, (inclusive of charges) to be such as will enable Canadian exporters to meet the terms offered by their foreign competitors;

- That, for any transaction, the down payment required of the foreign buyer and the proportion of the financing to be carried by the Canadian exporter, not exceed the amounts required for similar projects by foreign export financing institutions, such as the Export-Import Bank of Washington.

- That, in common with the policy followed in other countries, the size of the transaction not affect the availability of export financing;

- That the desirable practice of Export Credits Insurance Corporation in rendering prompt rulings to the exporter in advance of the transaction, be extended to the new banking facility;

- That further desirable features, based on the experience of and the services offered by other export financing institutions, such as the Export-Import Bank of

## Financing Facilities for Exporters

"I HAVE GREAT satisfaction in announcing that new and fully adequate financing facilities are being established. These export financing facilities are being made possible due to the joint initiative of the Government and the Canadian Chartered Banks. Canadian exporters of capital goods will thus be enabled to meet credit competition from foreign suppliers.

"For their part, the Canadian Chartered Banks will operate a new company, expressly to provide financing for export transactions on credit terms extending up to five years. Export credits insurance will continue to be made available in support of these operations.

"On the Government side, support will be given to the financing of export transactions involving credit terms over five years. The Government is prepared to provide guarantees for these extended credit term transactions, under Section 21A of

the Export Credits Insurance Act, and, in addition, to purchase the guaranteed foreign obligations from the new financing company or other lenders.

"Canadian exporters can now seek orders for capital equipment, confident that these new arrangements remove financing impediments that may have deterred them in the past from seeking or obtaining orders abroad. The remaining challenge to Canadian exporters of capital equipment is to be competitive and to find credit-worthy buyers.

"The complementary facilities to be established by the Canadian Chartered Banks and the Canadian Government is a fine example of effective cooperation between private enterprise and Government for national benefit. Through this important co-operative arrangement Canadian industry is being given full support to help increase Canadian exports and to stimulate employment in the many key industries that should benefit."



Washington, be incorporated in the new banking facility, together with such special features as may be of special service to Canadian exporters;

- That the primary objective of the new banking facility be the promotion of Canadian export industry.

Although the emphasis of the Exporters' Association was on capital goods they nevertheless had no intention of pressing the Government purely on behalf of the big producers. The third and last points show that members of the Association are just as concerned with small and frequent transactions as they are with the occasional big ones.

For many Canadian exporters, terms on transactions for around \$250,000 are just as difficult to arrange as any others; though this does not seem to be true for our competitors abroad.

Because of these financing (and consequent insuring) difficulties, fewer and fewer Canadian tenders have been made in recent months on foreign contracts for capital goods. Since little cash business is obtainable, the necessary outlay in engineering and sales expense is seldom justified.

Yet capital goods are a particularly desirable type of export, especially now. Most capital goods are intensively engineered and their manufacture gives rise to a wide range of subsidiary manufacturing which in turn increases employment and the use of Canadian raw materials.

Critics object that capital-goods-exporting assists underdeveloped countries to industrialize, thereby cutting off future markets for Canadian finished goods. But this argument ignores political and economic realities. The question is not when the underdeveloped countries will receive capital goods but who will sell them."

These arguments fell on fertile ground in all respects but one. The Government agreed that some advance in financing was required. But in keeping with Conservative philosophy it did not like the Exporters' emphasis on the need for a banking facility within the "framework of the government".

Why did the Exporters call for a state institution? Because they have found the banks unwilling to meet their demands. Faced with this situation Hees decided "moral suasion" was necessary. *Hansard* for November 25, 1960, reveals (through Hees' answers to the alarmed questions of Lionel Chevrier) that the Rideau Club was the site of a "private meeting held by the bankers who came down here preparatory to our meeting, and our meeting was held in my office from 3.30 to 5.30 yesterday afternoon with the Minister of Finance and myself present".

For two hours, we may presume, Hees

spelled out the banks' obligations and warned them that if they did not give final agreement to a proposed chartered banks institution the Government would set up a state agency in line with the Exporters' request. The bankers decided to show, as Hees reports, a "co-operative spirit".

All of these shenanigans were beautifully hidden behind the bland and "co-operative" statement made by Hees on November 25 in Parliament. [See Box].

But no details of the promised "adequate . . . facilities" have been announced. And Canadian businessmen are reluctant to believe that Ottawa will go as far as it could to ease the problem. The CMA, for example, cautioned shortly after the Government's announcement that "we would like to be assured that:

- "Some means have been found to provide financing at lower cost than would appear by adding together an export credits insurance premium and current Canadian bank interest rates; (Rates of the U.S. Eximbank are about six per cent.)

- "The duration and other terms of the credit will not be hamstrung by the Berne Convention which binds export credit insurers but not financing institutions like the U.S. Eximbank;

- "The new procedure will provide financing of foreign sales on a basis which will not encumber the manufacturer-exporter's domestic credit."

But even if it runs as quickly as the Manufacturers and the Exporters ask, Ottawa may find it is still losing ground in helping Canadian exporters. For the CMA, in a letter to Hees last month, said:

"As an example of the extent to which foreign nations are increasing their lead over Canada, the Export-Import Bank of Washington this year announced a liberalization of procedures for granting medium term (up to five years) credits; under the new scheme, whenever a commercial bank is prepared to finance, without recourse to the exporter, the first three semi-annual instalments of a three-year credit, or the first four semi-annual instalments of a five-year credit, the Eximbank will automatically finance the remaining instalments without participation by the exporter.

"Admittedly it is not to be expected that a Canadian institution could match the U.S. Eximbank in resources or in scope of activities, but there is no reason why a Canadian counterpart could not offer comparable payment terms, at equally low cost and with at least as ready access to its facilities.

"Indeed, the alternative being forced upon us is virtually to abandon hopes of maintaining, let alone expanding, exports of heavy goods."

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will tell you  
nothing!*



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All we can suggest is that you see a Clare-Hecla furnace at your local Clare Dealer. He is a competent, heating expert, backed up by a positive factory guarantee, your assurance of complete satisfaction.

There's a Clare-Hecla furnace to suit your exact heating requirement, whether gas, oil or solid fuel. For further information (with pictures), drop us a line for the name of your nearest Clare-Hecla dealer.

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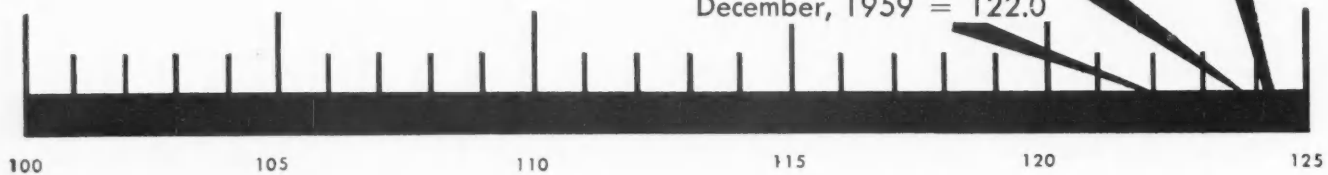
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**CLARE  
HECLA**  
Furnaces



December, 1960 = 124.3

November, 1960 = 123.7

December, 1959 = 122.0



Indicator Table	Unit	Latest Month	Previous Month	Year Ago
Index of Industrial Production (Seasonally Adjusted)	1949 = 100	167.7	165.8	168.3
Index of Manufacturing Production (Seasonally Adjusted)	1949 = 100	149.1	146.7	150.1
Retail Trade	\$ millions	1,352	1,312	1,317
Total Labor Income (Seasonally Adjusted)	\$ millions	1,542	1,537	1,491
Consumer Price Index	1949 = 100	129.6	129.4	128.3
Wholesale Price Index of Industrial Raw Material	1935-39 = 100	236.5	238.5	240.8
Manufacturer's Inventories, Held and Owned	\$ millions	4,419	4,441	4,383
New Orders in Manufacturing	\$ millions	2,009	1,929	2,035
Steel Ingot Production	'000 tons	477	443	525
Cheques Cashied, 52 Centres	\$ millions	22,194	22,834	20,424
Total Construction Awards (Hugh C. MacLean Building Reports)	\$ millions	248	227	312
Hours Worked in Manufacturing	per week	40.5	40.6	41.0
Index of Common Stock Prices	1936-39 = 100	251.1	241.7	252.8
Imports	\$ millions	453.0	430.1	480.5
Exports	\$ millions	482.7	447.8	467.8

Most latest figures are preliminary ones.

THIS YEAR may go down in Canadian history as the year which tried hard for full prosperity but couldn't make the grade. Several hundred thousand jobless are testimony to the failure. At the same time, however, never have so many people had jobs as today. For the first time in our history the number of employed (seasonally adjusted) hit a hair's breadth from six million. Generally speaking we are faltering in our growth, not sliding backward; but our population and workforce go on increasing.

Our economy hasn't taken the knock-out count which was predicted by a number of economists. They now put themselves in the right—they hope—by advancing the date for a major recession.

Though we may still have a touch-and-go battle with a tumble, the erratic economic advances, so characteristic of the year, are still with us. In the last few months the index of industrial production (seasonally adjusted) has moved from 164.3 (1949 = 100) to 165.7 to 167.8 at the time of writing. Mind you, this is nothing wonderful since that index hit a record

high of 173.5 last January, but the fall-off which led the index to the low of 164.3 has been arrested, at least temporarily.

Our steel production has been going quite well for many months now. It has been running between 80 and 90 per cent of capacity. True, it might be doing 100 per cent as it was in the early months of the year, but it is important to remember that it is nowhere near the cellar today. Even new orders in manufacturing industry, though nothing to get overly excited about, are running around the \$2 million per month mark. Not a record breaking performance but still in the major-league class.

On the construction side Hugh C. MacLean Building Guide contract awards for the first 11 months of the year are six per cent below those of the first 11 months of 1959. The total for this year so far is the fourth highest on record for similar months. Business building contract awards are up from a year ago, so are those in industrial building and engineering; but houses turn the advances into a decline.

In the third quarter this year Ottawa

figures that housing starts, seasonally adjusted at annual rates, were 111,700 dwelling units. In the second quarter the figure was 94,900 and in the first quarter it was 105,900.

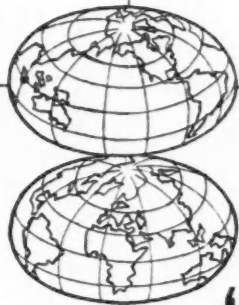
Our exports for the year are running—in dollars—over seven per cent above those of a year ago while our imports are at the same rate as one year ago. Thus our commodity import surplus, normally pretty big, is quite small this year.

But we created some unenviable records this year. Not for a great many years has the percentage of jobless been as high as it has been this fall. If 1960 has not actually pulled the rug from under prosperity, it has nevertheless failed to live up to one of the major goals of modern countries: full employment. 1960 tried hard but it just wasn't good enough.

—by Maurice Hecht

(Saturday Night's Business Index is a compilation of statistical factors bearing, generally, on Canada's gross national product. It is designed to reflect pace of economic activity. The base 100 is drawn from 1955 data.)

*at home and abroad...*



THE DANGERS OF

## **"TIMOROUS APPREHENSION"**

"... I am well aware of a number of public statements made during the past year in influential quarters, warning against the over-expansion of Canadian productive capacity, misdirection of such capacity and of over-borrowing, particularly for capital purposes and especially when such borrowing is done in foreign capital markets. I think it is well that these warnings have been uttered and that these matters of fundamental concern have been brought into the forefront of public discussion. But at the same time I cannot but feel that so much emphasis on the dangers of over-expansion and of over-borrowing, domestic or foreign, may also be conducive to a state of timorous apprehension in which all expansion, and all increases in indebtedness, become, as it were, suspect.

"This country has attained its economic stature and living standards in no small measure by virtue of having abundant natural resources for which there are markets elsewhere, and which must be developed on a large scale and by large injections of capital, if they are to be developed at all. It is not unnatural that to some extent the necessary capital has been provided from outside our own borders by those who need the resources that are being developed.

"Moreover, Canada as a world trader must keep pace with the technological advances that are going on around her. I suggest that if we are to continue to develop our resources and keep abreast of innovation and modernization by our competitors, we shall do well not to be too fearful of prudent expansion and improvement, and of the financing that is entailed."

G. ARNOLD HART,  
*President*

**YOURS FOR THE ASKING...** This quotation is from an address of the President of the Bank of Montreal at its 143rd Annual Meeting. If you would like to receive, when published, a complimentary copy of the complete Annual Report carrying this address, write to:

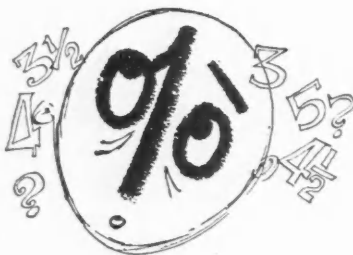
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### THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

The following dividends have been declared:

NO PAR VALUE  
CLASS "A" COMMON SHARES  
DIVIDEND NO. 16

Thirty three and one third cents (33 1/3c) per share payable February 15, 1961 to shareholders of record, January 13, 1961.

NO PAR VALUE  
COMMON SHARES  
DIVIDEND NO. 214

Twenty cents (20c) per share for the quarter ending December 31, 1960 payable February 24, 1961, to shareholders of record, January 13, 1961.

R. R. MERIFIELD,  
Secretary.

Montreal, November 28, 1960.

## Gold & Dross

### Smelters

*I am looking at Cons. Smelters with a view to investing in the same. I would first, however, like to see your comments on its desirability, especially since you have frequently recommended a guarded attitude towards issues which are controlled by other companies.—W.H., Kingston.*

It is true we have warned investors about the danger of paying too much for an equity, the price of which can be unrepresentative by reason of the amount of stock vested in one holder, thus being taken off the market and helping to inflate the price.

But this works two ways. An issue can be neglected, and relatively low-priced, because of interest in it being diminished as a result of its being a satellite of another company. This could be the case with Cons. Smelters, which is a subsidiary of Canadian Pacific Railway, and we believe it warrants the serious attention of any investor who can assume the risks associated with resource industries.

Smelters is a producer of lead and zinc and despite adverse developments in metal markets is reporting good earnings. It rang up 81 cents in the first half of 1960 versus 53 cents in the like period of 1959 and will probably report a second half on a par with the first. Indicated dividend is 90 cents a share, yield upwards of 4.5% at this writing.

The outlook for lead and zinc is mixed. Both are suffering from quotas on their importation into the U.S. Lead may yet be cut in price. Zinc could hold since research is uncovering new applications for galvanized or zinc-coated steel sheets.

The company works deposits in British Columbia, and these will reportedly support its metal-making activities for many decades. Over the longer term, lustre is added to the outlook by reason of the company's control of the Pine Point property, said to be the world's largest known deposit of lead and zinc. Pine Point is in the deep freezer pending the provision of transportation to the Great Slave Lake area of the NWT. The transportation project is one in which the government is interested since it would open vast acreage to settlement.

Smelters affords the investor a chance to obtain some income in a bet on the

long-term values of mineral resources plus the possibility that it will acquire other profitable ventures or increase earnings through improved technology. Examples of the liveliness of the situation are provided by the company's prospective earning of revenue from a new iron and steel plant at Kimberley in BC, in its decision to rework the long idle Coast Copper property on Vancouver Island and in its aggressive examination of the prospects of copper ground in New Brunswick.

Long-term value of the company's ore in the ground could reflect further inflation plus the rate at which the world, especially North America, is eating into its reserves of commodities.

Also to be considered is the possibility that lead factors will ultimately awaken to the need for promotion of the metal, which has been losing ground steadily to other materials enjoying better promotion.

### Consumers Gas

*What attractions does Consumers Gas offer the investor? There must be something that does not show since the yield is only about 3%.—H.J., Vancouver.*

Consumers Gas is considered by the market to be a prime growth situation. It holds the natural-gas franchise for the huge Toronto area and some other sections of Ontario: Niagara Peninsula, Lake Simcoe-Huron, Peterborough and Ottawa. Operations were confined to Toronto and based on manufactured gas until 1954 when the company commenced distributing natural gas from the United States, subsequently switching to Alberta gas with the completion of the Trans Canada pipeline.

Sales volume has shown a 10-fold increase since 1954, concurrently the dividend has been increased to 40 cents a share on the new stock created by a three-for-one split last summer. Consolidated net income increased in the year ended September 30, 1960 by \$1,070,255 to reach \$5,127,270. On the new share basis consolidated net earnings increased from 54 cents per share in 1959 to 66 cents in 1960.

Consumers has made progress notwithstanding aggressive competition from competitive fuels — electricity, oil, coal and propane. Ontario needs all the energy



## THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

### ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank will be held at the Head Office, 360 St. James Street West, in the City of Montreal, on Thursday, the 12th day of January, 1961, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

By Order of the Board,  
W. E. McLAUGHLIN,  
General Manager.

Montreal, Que.,  
December 1, 1960.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

### DIVIDEND No. 29

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of forty cents (40¢) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable 15 January, 1961 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on 23 December, 1960.

The transfer books of the Company will not be closed.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.  
G. G. WOODWARD,  
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.  
24 November, 1960.

## THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

### NOTICE OF 307th DIVIDEND

A quarterly dividend of fifty-five cents per share has been declared payable on the 16th day of January, 1961, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of December, 1960.

Montreal,  
Nov. 23,  
1960

S. C. SCADDING,  
Secretary



### THE FIELD'S

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resources available to meet its present requirements and future growth. The advent of natural gas at competitive prices has made it possible for residential, commercial and industrial customers to obtain the service of their choosing.

The company's demonstrated ability to compete with other fuels taken in conjunction with the indicated growth of Ontario suggests a future whose rosy implications have not been lost on investment markets. Consumers has a solid and substantial following of private and institutional shareholders who have put the stock away for the long hold. With this type of shareholder pre-empting the floating supply those who wish to get into the picture have to bid up the stock. The stock split has put further pressure on the floating supply by reason of a lower priced unit being within the reach of more small investors.

## Cincinnati Porcupine

*Would you advise a gambler to take a flier in Cincinnati Porcupine at one cent a share?—E.A., Halifax.*

Cincinnati Porcupine is one of myriad low-priced unlisted mines which are long-shot gambles.

You probably cannot at this time buy stock at one cent a share. The market is one cent bid, three cents asked. One cent is the price at which Preston Mines sold its 1.7 million shares of Cincinnati Porcupine to a Porcupine-camp mining operator. Other than the number of shares vested in the Preston holding, Cincinnati had 800,000 shares outstanding.

Preston had offered to buy the company's assets on a basis which would have returned one cent a share to Cincinnati shareholders but the latter did not accept the offer. Preston arranged the sale at one cent a share on the understanding that the buyer would offer to purchase all or any part of the shares held by others at the same price.

A new agreement calls for repayment of expenses incurred by Preston on the Cincinnati property from 50% of the first profits earned from mining Cincinnati's one-claim property which is surrounded by Preston. The property is likely to remain idle indefinitely, but since it is in the Porcupine camp, it cannot be written off.

## Sherritt Gordon

*As a long-time reader of your valued column, I would appreciate a rundown on the investment attractions of Sherritt Gordon Mines.—B.F., Montreal.*

While Sherritt hardly rates as a suitable vehicle for the funds of widows and orphans, speculative-investment attractions

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## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

### CONDENSED STATEMENT AS AT OCTOBER 31, 1960

#### ASSETS

Cash Resources (including items in transit)	\$ 468,490,360
Government and Other Securities	990,605,565
Call Loans	178,403,227
Total Quick Assets	\$ 1,637,499,152
Loans and Discounts	1,233,820,813
Mortgages and Hypothecs insured under the N.H.A., 1954	189,121,584
Customers' Liability under Acceptances, Guarantees and Letters of Credit, as per contra	31,910,538
Bank Premises	42,059,375
Other Assets	20,862,040
Total Assets	\$ 3,155,273,502

#### LIABILITIES

Deposits	\$ 2,916,469,467
Acceptances, Guarantees and Letters of Credit	31,910,538
Other Liabilities	21,902,049
Shareholders' Equity	
Capital Paid Up	\$ 54,000,000
Reserve Account	130,000,000
Undivided Profits	991,448
Total Liabilities	\$ 3,155,273,502

#### STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS

Year Ended October 31, 1960

Balance of profit for the year after provision for *income taxes and after making transfers to inner reserves out of which full provision has been made for diminution in value of investments and loans	\$ 12,599,784
Dividends	10,529,972
Amount carried forward	\$ 2,069,812
Transferred from inner reserves after provision for *income taxes exigible	6,000,000
Balance of undivided profits October 31, 1959	3,121,636
	\$ 11,191,448
Transferred to reserve account	10,200,000
Balance of undivided profits October 31, 1960	\$ 991,448

\*Total provision for income taxes \$ 20,080,000

N. J. MCKINNON  
CHAIRMAN AND PRESIDENT

J. P. R. WADSWORTH  
GENERAL MANAGER

exist in the situation. The company several months ago returned to the ranks of the dividend payers after a lapse of 14 years, with a payment of 10 cents a share, and followed this up in mid-December with a 15-cent distribution. Indicated earnings for the 12 months are of the order of 35-40 cents.

The lengthy gap in dividend payments reflects exhaustion of the original mine at Sherridon, Man. and the development of a new nickel-copper mine to the north at Lynn Lake, along with the building of a metal-making plant in Alberta. The Lynn Lake property has interesting possibilities of adding to ore reserves, thereby prolonging its productive life.

Additionally, Sherritt is receiving shipments of ore from other companies at its metal plant, and is strengthening its position as a metal maker. While it is small in comparison with International Nickel, consumers of nickel probably look with favor on an alternative source of the metal.

Sherritt has outstanding 11.3 million shares, of which 4.2 million were held by Newmont Mining a year ago, but the price of the stock does not seem to be unduly inflated. It is low-priced in relation to other metal-making equities, and favorable developments could draw a following of speculators to it. We should think the technical position of the stock would be such as to encourage an uptrend under favorable conditions. The stock some years ago got up around \$8 and the speculators who were frozen in have probably by now been shaken out, and the technical position of shares should be relatively strong.

#### Canadian Pacific

*I own a few shares of CPR and was greatly surprised to see you select this stock among one or two other good growth situations in outlining an investment plan for a young schoolteacher in your issue of Oct. 15. A further small deterioration in earnings would endanger the CPR dividend of \$1.50, which is presently being earned by a slender and apparently steadily diminishing profit margin. I realize you would not recommend CPR for assured income unless you felt on safe ground and I would be happy to learn how you arrived at your conclusion in this instance. —E.H., Montreal.*

Any inference that we recommended CPR for "assured income" is gratuitous. Nowhere in the answer did we imply that the dividend on CPR or any common stock was certain, although we did designate CPR as a blue chip or leading, active, well seasoned issue with a good long-term dividend record, strong investment qualities and a high price in relation to earnings. The price represents the consensus



of world stock markets as to worth, and takes into account the extent to which the dividend is protected.

Common stocks were recommended as desirable investments for the schoolteacher on account of his youth, the expectancy that the economy will expand over the long term and that equities of well-based companies will concurrently increase in value.

Conversely, the value of debt or fixed-income securities could depreciate. From time immemorial kings have called in the currency and clipped it, paying their debts in new coin with a lesser gold content or real purchasing power. In our time, the ultimate effect of borrowing to finance the unproductive debt of wars is the equivalent of coin clipping; we call it inflation. The last war stirred up economic forces which may not settle down for some time despite the claims of politicians that inflation has been checked.

The only protection the investor has against inflation is to own property or equities rather than debts. It is in this context that our recommendation of CPR should be taken.

CPR was named as a typical desirable equity for the young investor. The principle of diversification was implied in the mention of two alternatives: Consumers Gas and Bell Telephone, as a start of an investment plan.

CPR was selected because of the cross-section of economic life it provides. In a portion of your letter we omitted because of space, you expressed some doubts as to the company's hotel and oil interests and of its mining subsidiary, Cons. Smelters. The oil and mining interests appear to have a great potential, and the hotel interests could be substantial earners again.

## In Brief

*Do you recommend Yellowknife Bear?—L.B., Winnipeg.*

Would rather gamble directly on Giant Yellowknife, which is YK's main asset. *How's Kerr-Addison doing?—P.M., Quebec.*

Better on earnings; no change at the mine. *Do you think Bralorne will sell higher?—C.H., Ottawa.*

It's any one's guess, but it's a rich, lively mine.

*How's Denison making out on its Irish copper property?—R.S., Peterborough.*

Sorry, no comment on offshore mining operations.

*Would you recommend Falconbridge over Int. Nickel?—F.R., Vancouver.*

Vice versa.

*Do you still like Noranda?—M.J., Saskatoon.*

Yes.

*Any chance of Hudson Bay boosting its dividend?—R.L., Buffalo.*

Very remote in the foreseeable future.

**THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA** invites applications for the position of Assistant or Associate Professor in Art History effective September 1, 1961, at a gross annual salary up to \$9,000 per annum, depending on experience and qualifications. Duties will include the supervision of a small gallery, and some extra-mural lecturing.

Applications for the above position should include a recent photograph or snapshot, a curriculum vitae, a transcript of academic record from universities and colleges attended, the names of three references, and should reach the undersigned before February 1, 1961.

Douglas E. Smith, Dean,  
Faculty of Arts and Science,  
University of Alberta,  
Edmonton, Canada.



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# Canadian Women Don't Deserve Rights

by Jean E. Sereisky

THE SUCCESSFUL BID by Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike of Ceylon to become the world's first woman prime minister is prompting observers in these days of international tensions to look more closely at the role women in the Far and Middle East play in politics — and to draw a few unflattering comparisons about women in this country.

It took 90 years of nationhood for Canada to get a woman, Ellen Fairclough, appointed to the cabinet. In striking contrast, Ceylon, after 12 years as a self-governing state, gave to a woman its most important office.

And in a few short years, other Asian women have moved far in political fields to outdistance their sisters in countries where opportunities have existed for many years. Similarly, women in Communist states point up by their rapid progress the shamefully limited contribution to government of women in Canada.

Until Mrs. Bandaranaike's election as head of state, the highest position held by a woman was that of foreign minister: Israel's Golda Meir, appointed to her present post in 1956, but who served earlier as ambassador to Moscow.

India's High Commissioner to Great Britain is a woman — Mrs. Vifaya Lakshmi Pandit.

The Soviet Union has a woman as Minister of Culture and another, Mme. Yadgar Nasriddinova, is President of the Uzbek Republic.

As far back as 1947, Rumania — isolated politically, geographically and economically from contacts with the west — entrusted its foreign minister's job to a woman, the late Ana Pauker.

How does Canada fit amongst this array of talent? One cabinet minister and one ambassador — B. Margaret Meagher, now serving in Israel.

The militant feminist in Canada — as in other western countries — several decades ago fought and won the right to vote, to stand for election, to seek higher education and to enter business circles. Since the time that their rights were assured, Canadian women have advanced in professional, business and educational fields. Precious little progress has been made in politics.

Agnes Macphail led the way almost 40 years ago when she became the first woman elected to Canada's Parliament. After the last federal election, three women sat in the Commons. The ranks swelled to four as a result of a byelection

Oct. 31st in Niagara Falls. It has long since been apparent that Agnes Macphail's example failed to set off a chain reaction.

India, which gained its independence in 1947, has now 50 women in Parliament. A short time ago, three women were elected to the government of Malaya. Another nation still in its infancy, Nepal, counts a woman among its cabinet ministers. Tradition-steeped Japan, where elections were unknown a few years ago, also claims a woman cabinet minister.

Two women were admitted to the Canadian Senate in the 1930's. Further distinction of this kind had to wait until 1953 when another three women were named Senators.

For a period of 40 years from 1916 only 26 women were elected to provincial legislatures in all Canada — mostly in the west. Cabinet posts were held by two women in British Columbia and Alberta had one woman in the cabinet.

Earlier this year Nova Scotians, in a tradition-shattering precedent, elected Kentville mayor Gladys Porter to the legislature.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island can point proudly to records of unblemished character: no women have darkened the corridors of their respective legislative buildings — except as clerks.

This situation, however, may change in New Brunswick if women take to heart a comment of Forestry Minister Hugh John Flemming who expressed regret at the annual meeting of the New Brunswick Women's Progressive-Conservative Association that there were no women members in the provincial legislature.

A handful of lady mayors and reeves is scattered across the country with a few more women serving as members of civic governing bodies. Ottawa's first lady mayor, Charlotte Whitton, is now back in office again but Jean Newman was decisively defeated in Toronto this month.

Administrative or appointed posts are as hard won by Canadian women as elective offices. Sprinkled through government offices are a few women in senior positions such as the vice-chairman of the Immigration Appeal Board, Miss Margaret Hoey. The Department of Labor has Miss E. Lorentsen as director of labor legislation. This year, Miss Mary Lou Lynch, a Saint John barrister, became the first woman to serve on the five-member Federal Parole Board.

Prime Minister Diefenbaker appointed Mrs. Harry Quart a delegate to the

General Assembly of the United Nations. But Mrs. Agda Rossel was named the permanent *chief* of Sweden's delegation to the U.N.

The road to political equality looks like a long and troubled journey for Canadian womanhood.

A political analyst contrasting the swift rise to high government positions of women in Communist and eastern nations — where equality of the sexes is still freshly-savored — with the slower, barely perceptible gain in Canada would reason that outlook and attitude account for the difference. Women in nations where self-government is but a recent innovation regard as precious their sudden equality and right to govern; they feel a responsibility to share in development of their native land and are determined to make their abilities known. A desire to contribute to the nation's affairs outweighs a traditional fear of failure or defeat and an instinctive dismay at criticism. They are demonstrating that they are not content to endorse the credo that this is a man's world.

In Canada, home and school organizations, welfare work and community or social associations are major targets for attention. Few women show interest in national or international affairs except in a most casual manner. They display little willingness to participate in government on the municipal level. Efforts of a few who try are lost in the wilderness of apathy which surrounds the remainder of Canadian womanhood.

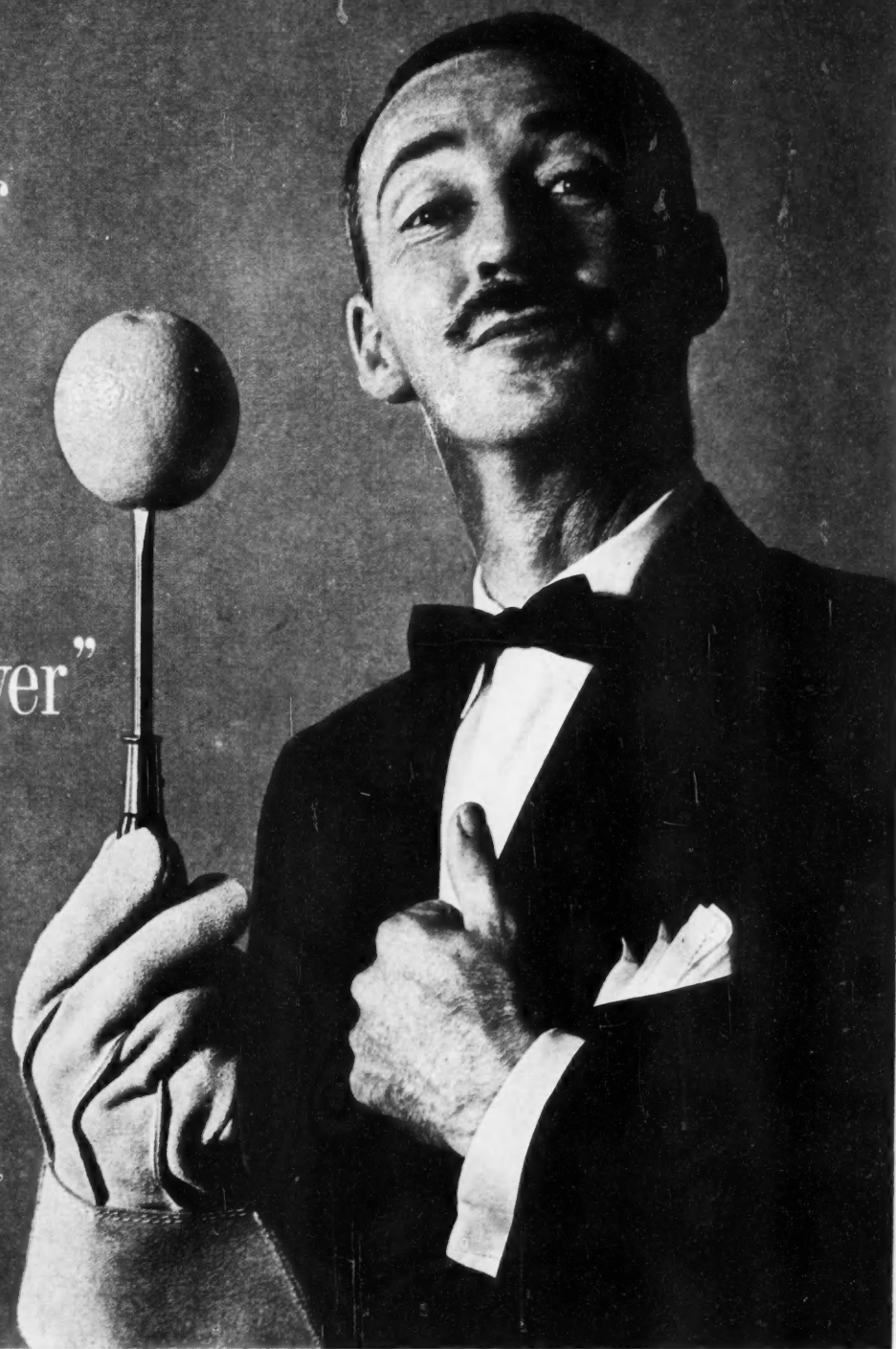
Canadian women appear in need of an infusion of the spirit that motivated this country's suffrage leaders 50 years ago.

Yet despite their indifference and lack of initiative in political matters, Canadian women today are seeking new rights. Women's clubs across the country each year approve a staggering number of resolutions demanding recognition for women or representation on boards and commissions. Respect for rights won has been supplanted by a demand for new rights — unearned and undeserved.

The method of complaint rather than the policy of action is the choice — whether deliberate or unknowing — of the Canadian woman.

Her behavior must be interpreted as an indication that she believes herself entitled to new privileges by virtue of her sex. But she gives little evidence that would show she is prepared to work in practice for the rights which, in theory, are hers already.

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